

The Reader

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No. 3

Writers and Readers

Illustrated Notes of Authors, Books and the Drama

IN this issue we print the last instalment of "The Literary Guillotine"—which will be a relief to many people. On the other hand, this series has provoked a great deal of comment in the newspapers and from our readers. We have received appreciative letters from a number of correspondents, including two from authors who have been called to the bar of this Literary Emergency Court. Many guesses have been made as to the identity of the author of the series, but the real author's name has not once been mentioned.

MR. James Lane Allen, the gentle Kentucky novelist, is a man of more than average Kentucky size, and, what is not common to all Kentuckians, is always apparelled in the best form. In respect of other attractive details Mr. Allen is of distinguished conspicuity. One evening he stopped in a small shop just around the corner from the quarters into which he had moved only a few days before, and made a few purchases amounting to a dollar or so. When he came to pay, he discovered that he had left his

purse at home. He explained to the shopkeeper, and asked that he be trusted for the goods until next morning, as he was in a hurry and could not wait. The shopkeeper declined to let the goods go without the money. Mr. Allen was nettled.

"Do I look like a man who would try to 'beat' you?" he asked with indignant dignity.

"Of course you don't," replied the shopkeeper, admiringly. "If you did I wouldn't have bothered with you in the first place. It isn't that kind I have to be on the everlasting look-out for."

IT is rarely that the first novel of a new writer meets with the success that has been accorded "The Main Chance," by Meredith Nicholson. A better novel has not appeared in many a year.

"The Main Chance" is a romance of youth, of love and of success honestly won. It is a vigorous, buoyant, cheering story full of crisp humor, forceful charm and hard common-sense. It is American to the very core.

THE Celtic revival is the most prominent influence in the literature of to-day, and its importance is likely to increase with the coming years. Among those who are identified with it the best known is Mr. William Butler Yeats, whose portrait by Miss Pamela Colman Smith, an American artist now residing in London, is reproduced on the page opposite. Mr. Yeats began writing as early as 1885, though it was "The Countess Kathleen," published in 1892, which virtually began his literary career. Since then he has published a collected edition of "Poems," several plays, and three books of prose. The Macmillan Company have just published "Ideas of Good and Evil," a volume of essays, and "Where There is Nothing," volume one of "Plays for an Irish Theatre."

Three plays by Mr. Yeats were produced with great success in New York June 4th, under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society. It is likely that Mr. Yeats will visit America in the fall.

There is a movement being advocated to raise the necessary funds for a Celtic section in the new building of the New York Public Library, and it is to be hoped that this will be successful.

"A. E.," who writes of the poetry of Mr. Yeats in this issue of THE READER, is Mr. George Russell, the author of two volumes of poems, "The Earth Breath and Other Poems" (John Lane) and "Homeward Songs by the Way" (Thomas B. Mosher). These two volumes of exquisite poetry are so little known that we feel justified in reprinting one poem from each volume, by permission of the respective publishers.

FORGIVENESS

At dusk the window panes grew gray;
The wet world vanished in the gloom;

The dim and silver end of day
Scarce glimmered through the little room.

And all my sins were told; I said
Such things to her who knew not sin—

The sharp ache throbbing in my head,
The fever running high within.

I touched with pain her purity;
Sin's darker sense I could not bring:
My soul was black as night to me:
To her I was a wounded thing.

I needed love no words could say;
She drew me softly nigh her chair,
My head upon her knees to lay,
With cool hands that caressed my hair.

She sat with hands as if to bless,
And looked with grave, ethereal eyes;
Ensouled by ancient Quietness,
A gentle priestess of the Wise.

A WOMAN'S VOICE

His head within my bosom lay,
But yet his spirit slipped not through:

I only felt the burning clay
That withered for the cooling dew.

It was but pity when I spoke
And called him to my heart for rest,
And half a mother's love that woke
Feeling his head upon my breast:

And half the lion's tenderness
To shield her cubs from hurt or death,

Which, when the serried hunters press,
Makes terrible her wounded breath.

But when the lips I breathed upon
Asked for such love as equals claim—
I looked where all the stars were gone
Burned in the day's immortal flame.

"Come thou like you great dawn to me
From darkness vanquished, battles done:

Flame unto flame shall flow and be
Within thy heart and mine as one."



Drawn for THE READER by Pamela Colman Smith
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OUR picture of Mr. Simeon Ford, who has long been known for his witty after-dinner speeches, was taken the day before he sailed for Europe, and the only remark he made at the time was when he removed a jug of ice water from a table near by as not being a suitable background. He muttered something about usually having other things than ice water in the background and then hurried away. We are sorry he did not stay for another shot of the camera, but we present this picture as the best we could procure of the genial author of "A Few Remarks," a volume of collected speeches and sketches by Mr. Ford, published this month by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co.

"A Few Remarks" is Mr. Ford's first book, and might have as sub-title "The After-Dinner Prose Recreations of a Hotel-Keeper." Mr. Ford is the proprietor of the Grand Union Hotel, and there is a lot to learn about hotels in his book. But more than this, we find on every page an occasion of spontaneous humor, refined by sympathy, and made interesting by touches of human nature.

This letter to the editor of the "Bangor Daily Commercial" warns us that Mr. Ford must always be referred to as Mr. Simeon Ford—not plain "Mr. Ford."

DEAR SIR: With an intent evidently of the best you have most amazingly mixed the deeds and doings of two Fords in your issue of May 30th. I am one of them. No, I am not going to be indignant. I expect, in my 16 years of newspaper work, I have made many "breaks" of the same kind. This is merely to untangle myself for your benefit, from the other Ford and perhaps prevent more confusion among my numerous relatives in Maine.

The author of "Horses Nine," who was born in South Levant, and who re-

members coming into Bangor at day-break with his "Uncle Will" to sell green corn, is Sewell Ford. That's me.

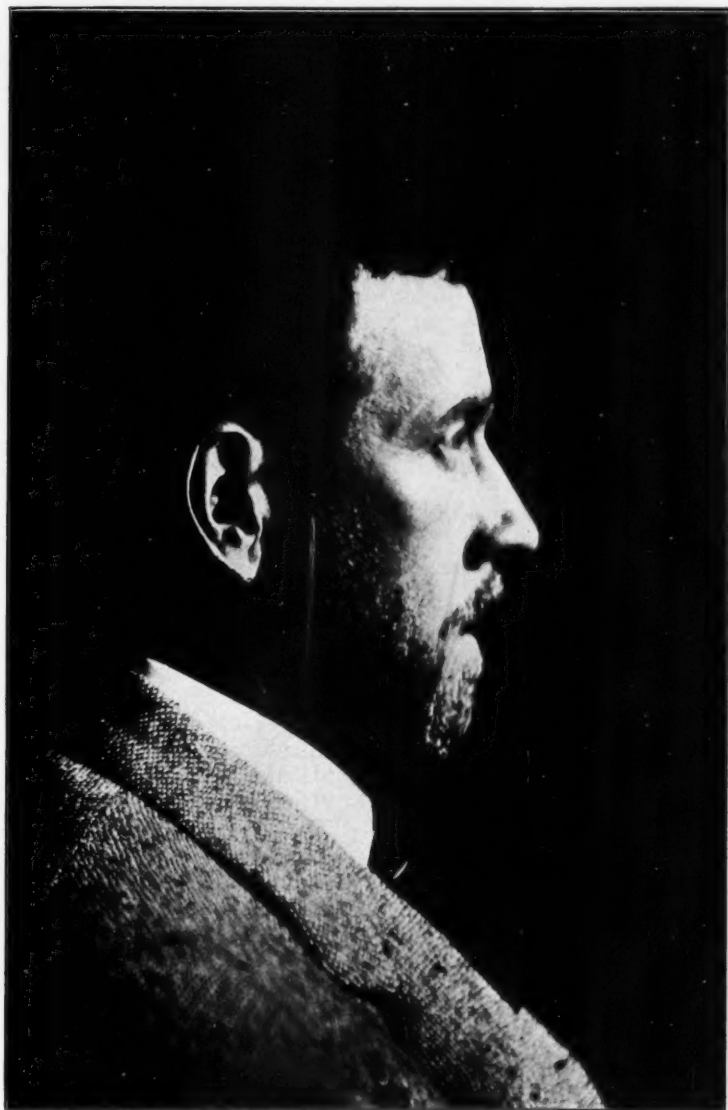
Mr. Simeon Ford, whose picture you printed and to whom you gave credit (which he probably doesn't care for in the least) for writing the horse stories, is the genial proprietor of the Grand Union Hotel in New York. Also he is New York's wittiest after-dinner speaker, and is said to have refused an offer of \$1,500 from the manager of Keith's circuit.

It's Sewell Ford who had 16 (not 35) years' experience in newspaper work; Simeon, who is the "long, lean, laugh maker." But doubtless this is enough. For my part, you have full forgiveness, only don't do it again. I haven't achieved much fame, and what little I possess I cannot afford to have merged with Simeon's, which is greater and of a different character. Sincerely,

SEWELL FORD.

SEVERAL prominent actresses are anxious to secure the part of Julie Le Breton in the play to be made out of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," according to a statement made by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. We understand that Miss Margaret Anglin is to play the part, and we hope this may be true. Miss Anglin is an actress of fine accomplishment, and deserves the success with the public that this play would assure her.

In the present temper of the theatrical managers as soon as a well-advertised and successful novel appears it is pounced upon for the purpose of a play. The combination of a popular novel and a well-known "star" proves an irresistible attraction to the general theatre-going public. The latest novel to be dramatized is "The Spenders," by Harry Leon Wilson. Mr. W. H. Crane will produce the play this fall.



*Photographed for THE READER by W. M. Vander Weyde
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MR. SIMEON FORD

OUR photograph of Mr. William Dean Howells is a faithful likeness of the author as he appears to-day. Mr. Howells spends his winters in New York and his summers at Kittery Point, Maine.

Mr. Howells is an exceedingly active man. He is frequently to be seen at the Harper establishment in New York, where he is a great favorite with not only the heads of the house, but with the younger editors. His eye is very clear and steady; his voice, quiet and well modulated, is decisive and distinct. He is an indefatigable worker, and usually has on hand as much as he possibly can accomplish. Besides his book and magazine writing, he has charge of an editorial department in "Harper's Magazine," and frequently contributes to "Harper's Weekly."

It is not generally known that Mr. Howells's first literary work was in the field of poetry. Poetry came naturally to him, and it was the author's intention to be a poet. However, some critical notices of books which he wrote and which proved successful led him to prose work. Then he wrote his life of Lincoln and his delightful "Venetian Life," and, then, quite without realizing that he was entering the field of his greatest production, he wrote "Their Wedding Journey."

Mr. Howells has written in all sixty published books—most of which have been novels. His latest addition, "Questionable Shapes," differs from any of the books that he has published recently in that it relates the psychic experiences of a small circle of people. It is a peculiar study of supernatural phenomena as well as a delightful volume of fiction. For those persons who love a tale of mystery the book holds an especial charm. The following list of Mr. Howells's books, which he has kindly revised, should be of value to collectors of first editions of his numerous volumes.

Poems of Two Friends (with John J. Piatt), 1860.

Life of Abraham Lincoln, —.

Venetian Life, 1866.

No Love Lost, 1867.

Their Wedding Journey, 1871.

Italian Journeys, 1872.

Suburban Sketches, 1872.

A Chance Acquaintance, 1873.

Poems, 1874.

A Foregone Conclusion, 1875.

Life of Rutherford B. Hayes, 1876.

Out of the Question, 1877.

A Counterfeit Presentment, 1877.

The Lady of the Aroostook, 1879.

The Undiscovered Country, 1880.

A Fearful Responsibility and Other Tales, 1881.

Dr. Breen's Practice, 1881.

A Modern Instance, 1881.

A Woman's Reason, 1882.

Three Villages, 1884.

The Rise of Silas Lapham, 1884.

Tuscan Cities, 1885.

A Little Girl Among the Old Masters, 1885.

Indian Summer, 1885.

The Minister's Charge, 1886.

Modern Italian Poets, 1887.

April Hopes, 1887.

The Albany Depot, 1887.

Annie Kilburn, 1888.

The Sleeping Car and Other Farces, 1889.

The Mouse Trap and Other Farces, 1889.

A Hazard of New Fortunes, 1890.

The Shadow of a Dream, 1890.

An Imperative Duty, 1890.

The Letter of Introduction, 1890.

A Boy's Town, 1890.

Criticism and Diction, 1891.

The Quality of Mercy, 1892.

A Little Swiss Sojourn, 1892.

Christmas Every Day, 1892.

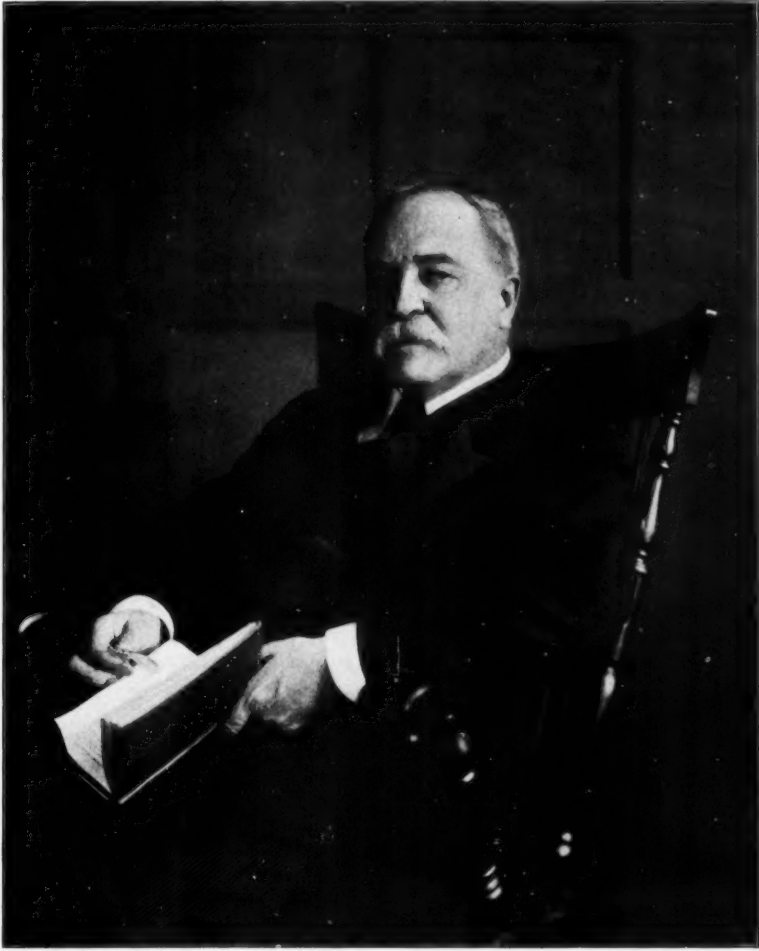
My Year in a Log Cabin, 1893.

The Unexpected Guests, —.

The World of Chance, 1893.

The Coast of Bohemia, 1893.

Stops of Various Quills, 1894.



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MR. WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

A Traveller from Altruria, 1895.
 My Literary Passions, 1895.
 The Day of Their Wedding, 1895.
 A Parting and a Meeting, 1896.
 Impressions and Experiences, 1896.
 The Landlord at Lion's Head, 1897.
 Stories of Ohio, 1897.
 An Open-Eyed Conspiracy, 1898.
 The Story of a Play, 1898.
 Ragged Lady, 1899.
 Their Silver Wedding Journey, 1899.
 Literary Friends and Acquaintances, 1900.
 The Indian Giver, 1900.
 The Sinking Car, 1900.
 Room 45, 1900.
 Bride Roses, 1900.
 Heroines of Fiction, 1901.
 A Pair of Patient Lovers, 1901.
 Literature and Life, 1902.
 The Flight of Pony Baker, 1902.
 The Kentons, 1902.
 Questionable Shapes, 1903.

MR. Volney Streamer has pointed out in his privately printed booklet "Book - titles from Shakespeare" the fact that Mr. Howells has taken thirteen of his titles from passages in Shakespeare.

THE Froude-Carlyle imbroglio is not to be allowed to rest with the publication of Froude's "My Relations with Carlyle." The editors of "New Letters and Memorials of Carlyle" are preparing a reply to the Froude volume, and a new volume of letters will be published about the same time. There ought certainly to be a real Literary Emergency Court with authority to prohibit the publication of these two volumes.

MR. Jack London, who is portrayed by interview in this issue of THE READER, and also by photograph opposite, made instant appeal to the reading public with "The

Son of the Wolf," short stories of Alaska: the sum of his experiences in the Klondike, where, in an abandon of youthful temerity and straight courage, he cast his lot, going in over the Chilcoot Pass, and running 1900 miles of the Yukon to the Behring Sea, with only two companions, in an open boat.

The strength of Mr. London's work cannot be withstood, and there are those who consider his work comparable to that of Kipling. Mr. London proved himself an admirer of Kipling in "These Bones Shall Rise Again," published in our June issue. The frank revelations of Mr. London's feeling toward his art, given in our interview, reveal a unique point of view of the literary artist.

THE latest "Elizabeth" book is "Elizabeth's Children," and Mrs. Elinor Glyn, the author of "The Visits of Elizabeth," has written to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, the publishers of her latest book, "The Reflections of Ambrosine," expressing her indignation at this obvious intention of trading on the popularity of her early book. The point, though subtle, is well taken, and marks a discriminating sense of right and wrong. Incidentally, if I read the communication aright, it betokens a salutary change of heart in the writer. For did not "The Visits of Elizabeth" come hard on the heels of the very popular "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," and did it not profit materially by its confusion in the public mind with the original "Elizabeth" book? And did this arbiter of publishers' courtesy utter any protest in that crucial moment? And to add to the gayety of the situation "Elizabeth's Children" and "The Visits of Elizabeth" bear the same publisher's imprint. "Why not Jane's Children or any one else's?" writes Mrs. Glyn. Why not "The Visits of Jane," Mrs. Glyn?



Jack London.

Reproduced from a photograph by Tesio, Oakland, California

MAURICE Barrès, whose portrait appears opposite, and who is one of the foremost men of the younger school of writers, is the representative leader among that literary throng of pessimists in France who have united in a movement against the apathetic influence of Renanism. He teaches the doctrine of individualism and aims at the developing of the psychological side of Naturalism through the new paths he blazes.

He was born at Charnes-sur-Moselle, in the Vosges, in 1863. Coming to Paris early in life he became a law student, but, like many others, soon abandoned the study of the codes for letters pure and simple. He first wrote for the "*Jeune France*," and at that time succumbed temporarily to the symbolistic spell of Verlaine and Mallarmé; also the influence of Taine and Paul Bourget is plainly perceptible in his work. Later on M. Barrès wrote for the "*Voltaire*" and the "*Revue Indépendante*." Since then he has become well known as a politician and novelist. He was an ardent follower of General Boulanger, and when that false hope of French patriots committed suicide in the Ixelles Cemetery, at Brussels, M. Barrès continued with the Boulangerists—self-called "Nationalists."

He designates his fiction as "Spiritual Memoirs." The most recent of these—and the one which has deservedly attracted most attention, both in France and among French-reading people—is his "*Les Déracinés*." Others of his most powerfully written works are "*Leurs Figures*," "*Le Jardin de Bérénice*," "*Sous l'œil des Barbares*" and "*L'Ennemi des Lois*."

As yet this writer's style may be considered uneven and his manner ambiguous, but he has not reached his full stature of intellectual growth or developed to his utmost limitation of power, and much may therefore be consistently expected of him in the future.

WHEN George Ade went from the literary field of La Fayette, Indiana, to tread the primrose path of dalliance with all sorts of things on the staff of the "*Chicago Record*," he met a native lady writer of that town of Pierian Springs and Olympian Heights. She wasn't as young as she used to be, but she was quite as pretty as she had ever been, and her devotion to Mr. Ade as a present help in every time of trouble—her troubles—was pathetic. He was a good thing at first, voluntarily, because he wanted to help struggling genius, but the lady was so persistent that she became a nuisance, and Mr. Ade, in his efforts to break away, at times became actually rude.

One day he went cheerfully to his desk, for he had not seen her in a long, long time, and the hope that she had gone to a better world above made him resigned, if not really and truly happy. But it was not to be. He found her waiting for him. She greeted him effusively, and he didn't reciprocate, but he had to be polite, and ask her where she had been all this time.

"Why, don't you know," she said, "I had a fever for three weeks, and it has taken me six weeks to get on my feet."

"Six weeks?" exclaimed Mr. Ade in surprise.

"Yes, indeed; six whole weeks."

"Well," he responded, as if thoroughly convinced, "I have always heard that Chicago women had large feet, but I didn't suppose they were quite so large as that."

WE publish on page 228 a portrait of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, the well-known poet and editor of "*The Century Magazine*." Mr. Gilder's first volume of poems, "*The New Day*," was published in 1875, and his last one, "*Poems and Inscriptions*," in 1901.



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M. MAURICE BARRÈS



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A SKETCH OF MR. RUSSELL SAGE
BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON

WHEN Mr. William Nicholson, the famous English artist visited America in 1900 for the purpose of drawing portraits of well-known Americans Mr. Russell Sage was chosen for one of his subjects. The following letter from Mr. Nicholson to a photographer-friend is an amusing sidelight on the thoroughness of the methods which produce such strong and effective work.

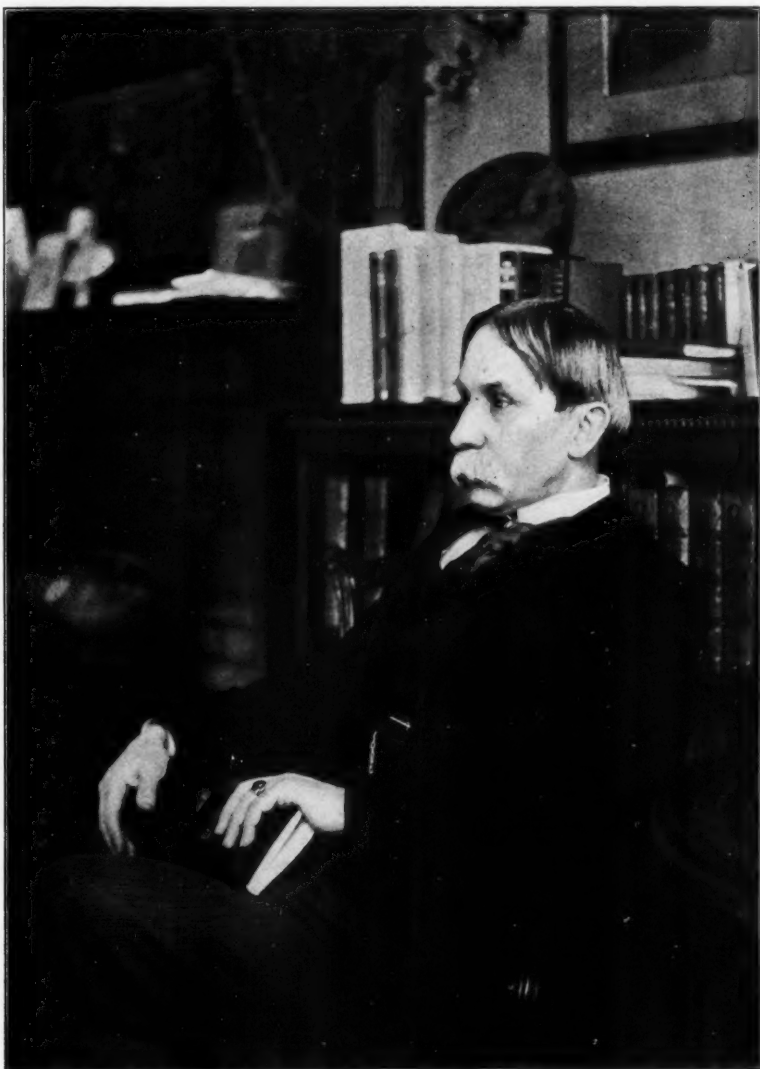
"I think I got all the notes I need from Mr. Russell Sage, but if you could get me a photo of him in a strong light as we saw him walking, it would be of great use to me. His umbrella would, I think, be better than his stick. Also can you get a snap-shot (not necessarily of Sage) about the place we saw him cross the road, putting the

camera low down and getting in a policeman and a crowd with high build-ings, this would help me in my back-ground. I should get in all his figure, and put right foot a little forward as if walking. Get as near as possible to this suggestion."

We print a reproduction of the sketch Mr. Nicholson included in his letter, as it is an excellent likeness of Mr. Sage.

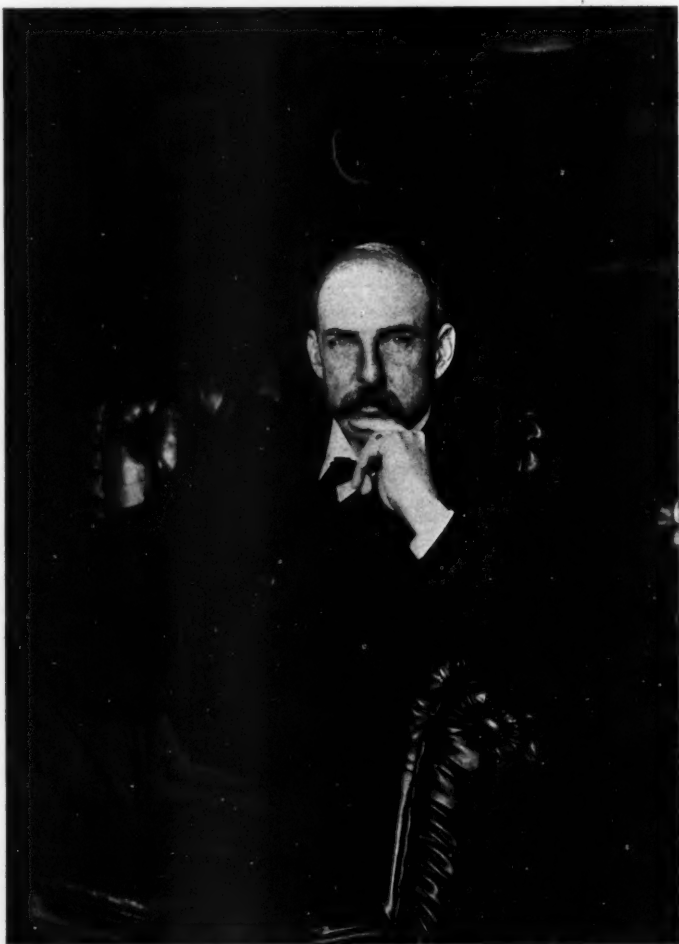
THE publication in "The Century Magazine" of a new letter from Sir Walter Scott, in which he dis-avows the authorship of the Waverley novels—which he did, we believe, on several occasions—prompts us to wonder if the authors of "Despotism and Democracy" and "The Kempton-Wace Letters," two well-known anonymous books of to-day, would make denial were we to announce their names. We will not put them to the test, though we are tempted to do so. They are very good reasons why these books should remain anonymous for some time to come, and the authorship of "Despotism and Democracy" may well remain a mystery for years. It is not very long ago that Mr. Laurence Housman denied the authorship of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters," which he has since acknowledged. It was a very different matter when we announced the authorship of "The Journal of Arthur Stirling." It was a duty as well as a pleasure to help towards allaying any sentimental interest that might be attracted by this inexcusable literary hoax.

MR. F. Marion Crawford is one of the best known men in American literary life. An exhaustive account of Mr. Crawford's life and work appears at the end of his recent volume, "Man Overboard!"



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MR. RICHARD WATSON GILDER



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MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD

Reminiscences of an Interviewer

IV

Sarah Bernhardt and Eleanora Duse

COMPARISONS on the stage are often misleading. Perhaps it is unfair ever to make them where personality is involved; for personality carries with it something unique in quality. I suppose that there could hardly be two actresses so different, for example, as Ellen Terry and Sarah Bernhardt, and yet in their individual ways they are both recognized as distinguished. There are certain characters that both could play; on the other hand, there are other characters in which one might be successful, where the other would be hopelessly miscast. Think, for example, of the exquisite Ellen Terry playing Sardou's "La Tosca," or of Bernhardt playing the Vicar of Wakefield's wayward daughter, and yet Bernhardt could play "Portia" superbly, and Ellen Terry ought to make a pathetic "Camille." Where Miss Terry charms and captivates, Sarah Bernhardt dazzles. Here I am speaking very generally, for it is of course possible for Bernhardt, that most surprising and contradictory of actresses, occasionally to be so simple and true that she creates an illusion as absolute as any artist could. Usually, however, she aims at something quite beyond illusion, at a result, in some way associated with the affectations and insincerities of her temperament. It happened that at the time when I received an invitation to meet her, I

had just seen her as "Hamlet" and as "Camille," and I felt a curious mingling of admiration and disgust. Her "Camille," which I had happened to miss in previous years, impressed me as a flawless performance, so true, so free from posturings and from sensational, or unnecessary detail, so lovely in its pathos, that it seemed as if the actress had completely lost herself. On the other hand, her "Hamlet" conveyed to me the expression of a very low order of intelligence and artistic discrimination, theatrical, false, and marred by repeated striving for sensational and trifling effects. Even in her appearance Bernhardt made "Hamlet" ridiculous. As she stepped swiftly across the stage in her black tunic and tights, her head enveloped in an enormous yellow wig, with a long cloak dangling from her right shoulder, she continually reminded me of a mosquito seen under a microscope. How such a performance could have been praised by lovers of Shakespeare, English lovers of Shakespeare at that, was beyond my comprehension. Here and there, however, might be found a critic who differed from the eulogists and frankly expressed his opinion. The most notable among these was Mr. Howells, who, in the Easy Chair of *Harper's Magazine*, treated the player and the production to a dignified but severe denunciation. It was through

the good offices of a friend whose French was far more fluent than mine that I secured my interview with the actress. Madame Bernhardt had sent word that she would receive me at the theatre where she was playing on Saturday afternoon after the *matinée*; but when I arrived she sent out word by her maid that she was too tired to see any one; the maid also informed me that her mistress felt too tired even to leave the theatre for dinner and would eat in her dressing-room. The message further included a request that I should present myself at the Savoy Hotel the next day at twelve o'clock. When I called at the hotel and sent up my card I was requested to proceed to Madame Bernhardt's apartment. I entered a small reception-room where several other callers were waiting. The room was filled with flowers, some of them fresh, others in various stages of decay. Three trunks and several boxes were piled up between the door by which I had come in and the door leading to Madame Bernhardt's bedroom, protected by a screen. On the floor near the screen stood several bottles of lithia water and of milk, and a plate containing two eggs. The effect of this disorder was droll in the extreme, and this was in some way heightened by the appearance of the people who sat about, covertly staring at one another. One of them was a sweet-faced old Jewish lady of sober dress and with a very retiring manner; another was a Jewess of an altogether different type, small, hard-visaged, pretentiously dressed and nervously alert. The most attractive figure was a large blond woman in middle life, with a fresh, frank face shining with good humor. In a remote corner of the room sat a stout little man with gray hair and gray mustache, evidently French, and evidently overwhelmed by the gravity of the situation. For a long time we all sat

in silence, the little Jewess casting sharp glances at the screen in anticipation of Madame Bernhardt's appearance. Servants came and went swiftly, bearing messages and notes; the atmosphere was electrical; once Madame Bernhardt's maid emerged from the bedroom to pass excitedly into the corridor and back into the bedroom again. The little Jewess took out her watch and heaved a deep sigh. "She'll have to come in very soon," she said, "because she is going out to luncheon." We looked at one another as if to shift the responsibility of replying; then the little woman went on, undaunted, glancing from face to face. "I've had the greatest luck in getting a letter of introduction to Madame Bernhardt; but then I am always lucky; I think I was born lucky. I was going along the street yesterday and I met a friend who used to know Madame Bernhardt in Paris, and I said to him, 'You are just the man I want to meet. I want you to give me a letter of introduction to Sarah Bernhardt. I want to get her to write in my autograph album.'" Again we looked at one another and the large blond woman smiled covertly at me and—yes, I may as well confess it—she winked. As the remarks of the little Jewess were received in dead silence the blond woman relieved the tension by saying: "Madame Bernhardt is always very good about giving autographs." With this encouragement the little woman broke out into a long discourse, chiefly concerning her personal affairs, but ending with her gratification at being about to meet the greatest actress the world had ever known. "Do you think she would let me kiss her?" she asked, and a thrill of horror ran through the room. Gradually we were all drawn into conversation and I found the large blond woman very charming. She proved to be a well-known character among theatrical

people in New York, once an actress and now a teacher of dancing, and she had long been a friend of Madame Bernhardt's. We talked very agreeably till nearly one o'clock, the little Jewess leading. Suddenly we all felt a shock: something had told us Madame Bernhardt was about to enter. We kept our eyes fixed on the screen. After a few moments a mass of greenish-yellow hair appeared above the screen and an extraordinary looking woman dashed into the room. Her slim figure, dressed in a tight fitting black gown shining with jet and with long sleeves half-covering her hands, fairly vibrated with energy and excitement. In her face, with cheeks brilliantly colored and eyes heavily blackened, youth and age strangely contended. As I looked at her and heard her talk she seemed young and full of enthusiasm; but as I studied her face the marks of age were plainly visible around the eyes and the ears. She was talking volubly, addressing the sweet-faced Jewish lady, who proved to be French, and the large blonde, whom she greeted affectionately. As she turned from the blonde, the little Jewess who had been watching for a chance, fairly sprang at her, and, seizing her hand, broke out into the most voluble American-French that I had ever heard, beginning an elaborate explanation of the luck she had had in meeting an old friend who had known Madame Bernhardt in Paris. The actress bore the assault with patience for a few moments; then she exclaimed, gesticulating wildly with both hands: "I don't want to hear your story. Don't say another word—don't say another word. I will give you all the autographs you want, but don't say another word." Then she dashed back into the bedroom, reappearing almost instantly with several photographs which she proceeded to sign. She passed these to her visitor,

who seized them with rapturous gratitude, exclaiming: "Oh, Madame Bernhardt, I can't tell you how happy you have made me. If you would only let me kiss you!" The actress smiled and graciously presented one cheek and then the other, and the enraptured little woman made a nervous departure. At this point Madame Bernhardt turned to me, extending her hand impulsively, and entering at once into conversation. With regard to the unfavorable criticisms of her "Hamlet," she took a very philosophical tone; indeed, I imagine that she is philosophical about everything. "My conception of the character," she said, "is not understood by some people. It is of course different from the usual conception, but the younger play-goers like it; they see what I am trying to achieve." I could scarcely keep from smiling. It was plain that Madame Bernhardt still ranked herself with the youth of the world. As she spoke, it was wonderful to note the play of her features and the ever changing expression of her mouth. I suppose a student of physiognomy could write learnedly about the significance of this mouth, with its strange suggestions of generosity and sensuality, of cruelty and sardonic humor. I left the presence of the actress somewhat dazed; I had never come within the range of a personality so overpowering.

When Eleanora Duse first came to this country, frantic efforts were made by newspaper writers to interview her. They all failed. Madame Duse shut herself up in her hotel and would consent to see no one connected with a journal of any kind. By her very reticence she received a good deal of profitable advertising; but there is no doubt that she is in reality a very shy woman. Comparatively few of the many admirers of her acting made her acquaintance, even in the larger cities, where successful actors are sought

after by women and men of social importance. In New York Madame Duse did consent to meet a few people, and among these she made several women friends. On one occasion she dined at the house of the wife of a prominent editor, but with the express stipulation that the lady's husband should not be present at the table. She did meet the lady's children, however, for she loves children and enjoys having them about. An acquaintance of mine happened to call at the house of a New York author and was astonished, in passing through the hall, to see Duse seated on the floor of the library, having a frolic with a group of children. During her first visit here Madame Duse was somewhat of an invalid and very solicitous about her health. Since that time she has come somewhat out of her shell; she has made a success in London, and, at the invitation of Sarah Bernhardt, has appeared several times in Paris. In London she is said to have been interviewed. I speak guardedly, for after the interview was published, she denied it absolutely. The fact remains, however, that it was written by Arthur Symons, a critic and author of high standing, whose work exempts him from the suspicion of inventing so elaborate a fabrication. It is probable that in publishing the interview Mr. Symons was perfectly sincere, and that in repudiating it the actress was sincere too. Any interview not taken down word for word by a stenographer may honestly be repudiated by the person interviewed. Duse doubtless said most of the things attributed to her by Symons, but when they appeared in print, in the shape of a connected article, they probably seemed far different to her from what she had intended to say. On the other hand, the whole article sounded like Duse, or rather like the stories that have been told about her since she became known here. It was in the Symons article, by

the way, that she made her strange and striking remark about Ibsen's work, that it was "a room filled with tables and chairs." Just what she meant is not altogether clear; but she probably intended to reproach modern realism. And yet of all living actresses, Madame Duse is the most modern and the most realistic. However, consistency is the last quality to be expected in a dramatic artist. It was in this interview, too, that Madame Duse professed as her idea of living, existence on a ship anchored a thousand miles out at sea.

However, this is a digression. If I could not interview Duse, I could do the next best thing: I could see her conduct a rehearsal. The opportunity came unexpectedly, and I jumped at it. I was permitted to sit at the back of a New York theatre while the actress rehearsed "Pamela," an Italian version of Richardson's famous novel. I can still see the figure of a woman, no longer very young, but with a fine intellectual face, surmounted by dark, carelessly arranged hair, with a patch of gray in it just above the brow, and with splendid tragic eyes. She wore a long cloak, and a hat covered with a veil, and as she walked about the stage she supported herself with a stick. It seems strange to think that Duse, that graceful, elastic creature on the stage, should be lame; but if you know that she is so and watch her carefully during her acting, you can observe the perfect art with which she hides the defect. She conducted the rehearsal with an ease that showed her complete mastery over every detail. The actors and actresses stood about in their street clothes; and at intervals, as they rehearsed, Duse would stop them with a polite word or gesture, to indicate how a speech or a bit of business might be improved. It was all very quiet and orderly and effective. That night I had an opportunity of seeing the performance from the wings, and I was

impressed by the absolute silence and system maintained during the whole performance. It was as if the mechanism of producing the play had been perfectly adjusted.

When Madame Duse came to this country last winter, it looked as if I should at last have a chance to meet the most mysterious of all actresses, as I happened to know her managers and they were willing to lend their aid. I made a special trip to Boston, where the tour had just started, and negotiations were begun for a brief interview. Meanwhile I attended the performances of "La Giaconda" and "The Dead City." When I first saw Duse, after an absence from this country of six years, I was somewhat shocked, as one always is in noticing physical changes. She had grown heavier and her face had aged. But the change that most surprised me was in the color of her hair, which, formerly black, with that patch of gray above the forehead, giving an added touch of distinction, had become brown. For a long time I tried to decide whether the actress wore a wig or whether she had colored her hair; finally, I concluded that the hair was her own. When I had become accustomed to the new Duse I found her as attractive and as interesting as the actress had ever been. For her first appearances she handicapped herself by playing so weak a piece as "Giaconda," which d'Annunzio had constructed around an accident, developed from a quarrel, to be sure, but still an accident—moreover, a purely physical one—resulting in the loss of the heroine's arms. The climax was reached where the heroine met her daughter and could not clasp the child in her arms. The idea was pitiful, but it was absurdly weakened by the knowledge on the part of the audience that the actress really had a good pair of arms concealed beneath the folds of her loose gown. It seemed strange that

d'Annunzio should have chosen so artificial a device on which to build his poetic rhapsodies and his remarkably incisive studies of character. In "The Dead City," on the other hand, he had a theme, repulsive, to be sure, but as worthy of a great writer as it had been in the days of the Greek dramatists, and in Anna, the blind heroine, he drew a character in which Duse achieved a nobility of bearing more impressive than any impersonation I had ever seen on the stage. It was while Madame Duse was rehearsing d'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini" that I had expected to meet her. But on the day appointed by the manager, the actress was unable to come to the theatre. (I suspect that it is a habit of hers to disappoint people.) So I did not see her again till she had made her brief tour as far as Chicago and had returned to New York to give a few farewell performances at the Metropolitan Opera House. These included her revival of "Magda," welcomed with delight by those of her admirers who feared she might devote the rest of her career to d'Annunzio's brilliant but morbid dramas. That revival gave reason for the hope that she might turn from d'Annunzio and let her talents express themselves through a wider scope. Her first performance of "Magda" was one of the most wonderful dramatic representations that I have ever seen. Duse seemed to be intensely keyed up and played to the full extent of her gifts. Yet, in the *Tribune* the next day, Mr. William Winter devoted to it a half-column of scornful patronage in which he dismissed the characterization as "photographic." How this adjective has been abused in its application to both literature and acting! I doubt if it has ever been justly applied. At any rate, in the case of Madame Duse, it meant nothing. Before closing her engagement the actress astonished her admirers by lending

herself to a farewell performance in which she played one act from each of the three different plays. For once the public showed good taste; though the theatre had been well filled at the other performances during the engagement, a very small gathering of people sat about in the great Opera House. The programme included one act from that absurd and insincere play, "Claude's Wife," by the Younger Dumas. Like so much of Dumas' writing, this play, extraordinary as a piece of theatrical mechanism, falls to pieces when compared with real life or considered in the light of common sense. But Dumas certainly understood stage technique and had an almost magic power of persuading audiences to accept his absurd theses. As Claude's depraved wife, who, by the way, bears a remote relation to Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," Madame Duse had to cover a wide range of emotion, and her interpretation of the character was a brilliant exhibition of virtuosity. At the close of an afternoon so arduous, I feared that my chances of making the acquaintance of the actress were somewhat doubtful; so I was all the more pleased when I learned from her personal representative that I might meet Madame Duse behind the scenes. I found her in one of the corridors leading from the stage, talking with a small group of people. I was surprised to see that she seemed wholly unlike the sad-eyed, listless woman I had imagined her to be when not acting. She looked very handsome, and spoke with great animation, her face luminous with her wonderful smile. One of her visitors I recognized as a well-known American actress, with methods as far from Duse's as those of any barn-stormer's could be, but a very amiable and pretty woman. The poor American was having a hard time with her French, and Madame Duse was trying to help her out by sustaining most

of the conversation. They were speaking of one of Madame Duse's rôles, which rôle I could not make out, and the actress remarked pleasantly: "You could play that, too," and inquired politely about the work her visitor was doing. No one could have been more easy and delightful. When I was presented, Madame Duse was about to go to her dressing-room; but she gave me a moment during which I received a definite impression of the extraordinary charm of her manner. Nothing that I can say can express the exquisite impression she made. I felt that I was in the presence of a rare nature. Some one has said that Sarah Bernhardt is a greater actress than Duse, because she is more successful in impersonating the *grande dame*, while Duse just misses realizing that character. It seems to me that no statement could be more absurd. Sarah Bernhardt, with her exaggerated ways, may easily be the *grande dame* of the theatre; but she is never the *grande dame* of the drawing-room. Duse, on the other hand, is never the woman of the theatre; she is always human and simple, a creature of exquisite fibre. For this reason, until I had seen Duse play *Magda* for the second time, that day at the Metropolitan Opera House, I was inclined to rate Bernhardt's *Magda* higher than Duse's. At the very moment when Bernhardt steps into the domestic German interior, you feel that she is Sudermann's opera-singer, the woman of the stage. Duse, on the other hand, seems almost too fine, too exquisite a creature to experience what *Magda* has endured and to be the woman that *Magda* has become. Off the stage, I noticed that she seemed much heavier and more matronly than she had appeared on the scene. She also seemed considerably shorter. She spoke in French with great fluency and with a surprisingly good accent, for the Italians rarely speak French well.

The Book Treasures of Mæcenas

BY JOHN PAUL BOCOCK

GOLDEN Gospels of King Henry,
Writ in uncials of gold
On the vellum's royal purple,
By the cloistered scribes of old,—
In these pages Kings and sages
For a thousand years have pondered
On the Book that still is deathless
When the gold of earth is squandered

How a splendid, patient cunning
Decked "the Romance of the Rose!"
In clear gold and gorgeous colors
Every page immortal glows;
Charles the Ninth has pored upon them,
But no trace of cruel fingers
Mars the fair leaves where the fragrance
Of the rose of love still lingers.

Shade of Gutenberg, bear witness
To the Bible twice immortal:
First and fairest book imprinted,
Lamp that guides to Heaven's portal;
Fust and Schoeffer, fit companion
To the Bible is your Psalter,
"Grandest treasure ever offered
Upon learning's holy altar."

Here the 1470 Virgil,
Shows his face illuminated;
Here the Doge's vellum Livy
Tintoretto decorated;
And St. Augustine, on vellum—
Men would die for one such treasure
Stand with rows of priceless Caxtons
Waiting on Mæcenas' pleasure.

The Book Treasures of Mæcenas

When the West Shore, and your other
 Railroad triumphs, all the glories
 Of the Age of Combination,
 Are twice-told financial stories,
 In these volumes, Oh Mæcenas,—
 Not upon the ledger's pages,
 Will your name and fame forever
 Go immortal down the ages.

Pansies for Thoughts

BY HENRY CONSTABLE

PANSIES, they're for thought, you know;
 But I cannot tell,
 If this nosegay in my book
 Came from Kate or Nell.

"Hamlet" was the book we read,
 But I can't recall
 If we made our study in
 Winter, spring or fall.

Mildred gave me pansies once,
 In Ophelia's name,
 But if memory serve me right,
 Phyllis did the same.

Bess saw faces in each flower—
 Called each flower an elf,—
 Now I wonder, did I not
 Cull these flowers myself?

Countries I Have Never Seen

BY BERNARD G. RICHARDS

II—ITALY

"Others have used their knowledge. Let me write out of my ignorance and show the value of it."

ITALY is the land where every poet goes for the inspiration of his life, and whence people come to dig our sewers. It is one of the most beautiful countries in the world. Not all of its inhabitants are guides, so, as they cannot all live on the sights, many of them come to America to seek any sort of odd job. So many beauties has this country that only tourists can afford to avail themselves of all its charms; but after they acquire their little fortunes in America, the natives often go back to visit the big cities and see considerable of their own land.

Italy possesses the most imposing chapels, churches and cathedrals. The large cities are just dotted with these edifices, all of which contain works of art wonderfully rare and beautiful. The Italians who come to America first learn about these things through the settlement workers and from the lectures that are given in the slums where they abide, by the various societies for the uplifting of the masses. When they have been here long enough to know a fair amount of the English language they learn a little something about Italian art and literature. They also learn here of the great men that their country has pro-

duced, and find that America was discovered by one of their countrymen.

All of which awakens keen interest in their country, and with many it becomes a lifelong ambition to visit the land of their forefathers and behold its manifold works of antiquity and priceless treasures of art. These objects of art, which are such a copious source of income to the land, are fast being bought up by unscrupulous collectors and scattered all over the world. Unknown works of the masters are being unearthed constantly, and objects by unknown men are continually being attributed to the great artists; but all these are not enough to supply the demand, and so numerous are the collectors, and so greedy, that the Italian Government has made laws against the purchase and exportation by strangers of things that are veritable treasures for the attracting of travellers. But the laws have a hard time in coping with American and English money, for money modifies all laws.

It seems that once upon a time the whole country was swarming with creatures who did nothing else but eat red peppers and macaroni and paint masterworks everywhere, leaving their imprints on walls of any old houses,

on roofs and ceilings and floors and fences and doors and gates, on cupboards, chairs, tables and footstools. But there were few art-seeking travellers coming to Italy in those days, and the people did not see the value nor the reason of the patches, the stains and the blots that were left everywhere by the fellows with their eternal paint and brushes, so the inhabitants went to work and white-washed everything in the way of color and form they could see. Before this was done the artists were painted black and ostracized.

After many years, some children, to amuse themselves, peeled the white-wash off the walls of an old house, and drawings and figures were disclosed, which, with the advance of civilization and the advent of foreign tourists proved to be great and valuable works of art. In this same manner many pictures were found in many houses, and this stirred up great interest in art, and started the people on a mad rush to peel the whitewash off any and all mentionable objects. This went on until the peeling of whitewash became one of the chief industries of Italy. People suspect that there is a picture beneath every soiled corner of white pigment. Several heavy coats of whitewash with the stains of many years upon them help immeasurably to sell an old house in Italy.

Most of the inhabitants of Italy are fruit-vendors and street-organ grinders; but as there are not enough people in the country to buy the fruit and listen to the music, many of these itinerants come to America. The majority of our barbers come from Italy, because there are no barber shops there, and every man soon learns to reap the harvest of his own face.

The Government of Italy is a monarchy, but it also has a parliament, a place where people can air

their musty views, challenge their opponents to duels, differ with the King and get fined and imprisoned for what they say. There is constant strife between the Church and State in Italy, and, as the Government refuses to sanction whatever the Church sanctifies, there is some holy war going on all the time. With some of the people it is an important religious principle to avoid the payment of their taxes. Those who seek political jobs are excommunicated by the Church. This is one of the most beautiful customs of Italy, and should receive universal acceptance. As any one living among them will soon learn, the Italians also belong to the Latin race. They are irritable, easily excited, full of feeling, and temperament . . . but, of course, temperaments are attributed only to the higher classes. In the case of the common people this is termed bad temper.

They are a most musical race—the Italians are; and they supply the world with some of the finest singers at the highest rates payable. As is seen by their grand operas, whenever anything serious happens among the Italians they sing about it to each other. A man tells his troubles to his grandmother in a beautiful melody, accompanied by a large orchestra. This is the way much of the conversation is replaced. A soldier comes back from the war. He finds that his sweetheart has, during his absence, married another man. So they sing a duet together.

Some of the romance of the country is furnished by the brigands, a wild and daring class of gentlemen who live in the mountains and woods, and come out every little while to prove the futility of law and police protection, and preserve the tradition of brave deeds. They, too, figure prominently in grand opera and tales of adventure.

One of the centres of Italy is Rome. It is called the Eternal City, and was built for Hall Caine for the purpose of his novel. Rome is the seat of the Vatican, which contains the Pope and other treasures of art and antiquity.

It must be a beautiful sight to behold the brigands in their picturesque costumes as they are camping about the Vatican, where they pitch their tents and lie in wait for the pilgrims to the Holy City.

The Celting Celt

BY ISABEL MOORE

THE mystic Celt is Celting in mysticism eld
With a prophetic vision encountered now but seld;
He confounds the Isle of Erin with the Land of Heart's Desire,
And goes bounding o'er the bog-land with his hoofs above the mire.

The Eternal Dreamer wakens with Druid quicken shout,—
Joins the Tam O'Shanter canter to see what it's about:
All the Horses of Disaster utter holy words and white
As the Druid vapor vapors o'er the waters of the night.

The Beauty of all Beauty and the Others are in power,
All Celtingly a-questing for the one Immortal Hour;
The Hidden People sport upon the reedy, weedy, wind,
In its aerial still-hunt for the red-eared sportive hind.

The Birds of Magic shadow the beauty of old dreams
Till the wisdom of the ancients a thing of promise seems,
But the Land of Heart's Desire is just where it was before;
While the mystic Celt is Celting and Dectora plies the oar.

Two Women

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

ONE said, "That love you bore, O gentle heart,
That love you bore for me, died on a day
Before we two had found Life's bitter part.
Before our Springtide and the joy of May
Had passed beyond remembrance, lo! it lay
Silent upon the bier that we had set
In a cold room made colder by regret,
Before we two had sorrowed once together,
Or faced the wilder weather!
Ah, desolate it lay in that bleak room,
Amid the ruin of its old-time bloom,
Knowing, and yet unknowing then, its first pale hour of gloom!
Oh, good it were that we should love while joy
Gave us the hearts of simple maid and boy;
Yet God alone knows how my soul had been
Exultant, had dark sorrow and old pain
Striven to break its doors and bide within,
Striven to shatter joy's triumphant chain.
For I had longed to have you creep with me
Those hard, lone ways that bruise the pilgrim's feet,
Believing that all love is incomplete
Which travels only paths divinely sweet.
Alas, you smiled, but did not weep with me!"

And one spake thus: "O valiant heart and true,
Your love went forth one twilight's ghostly hour,
On a sad day when Autumn's last leaves blew
Despondently across the dusk. The flower
Of your great love which once has been my dower,
Died dismally, and oh, the pang for me
To watch it go toward Death's remotest sea,
Before we two had ever laughed together,
Or known Life's April weather!
For you and I had wept and suffered so!
It seemed our lives through every hour could know
Only despair and only tears that never ceased to flow.
This were the test of your great love, O heart,
To share with me Life's dimly shadowed part,
To bear with me the turmoil and the stress.
Yet ah, how glad, before your love were done,
My soul had been if one vast happiness
Had come to be our portion—only one!
Poor valiant heart! you never quaffed with me
That cup of joy which would have paid for all
The sorrow and the bitterness and gall
That made our love so great—and yet so small.
Alas, you wept, but never laughed with me!"

Fictionshire, England

BY SEWELL FORD

YOU'LL not find it on any map, as you will Derby and York and the other shires. Nor does Whitaker's give statistics about it. But it's part of the United Kingdom. It must be. Indeed, there are reasons for believing it to be the most important shire in all England. At least, it's almost the only one known to the great novelists; and they're authorities, aren't they?

The boundaries of Fictionshire, one must confess, are rather vaguely drawn. But you mustn't mind that. Vagueness stamps all its characteristics, even the persons who dwell in it. London, of course, is its centre. Perhaps it is because the London fogs spread to all its frontiers, wrapping all its houses and their inhabitants in opaque mists, that we have no clearer conception of Fictionshire, in spite of the frequent and voluminous reports of its discoverers and historians.

Yet what a crowd of distinguished subjects dwells in Fictionshire! Lords and Ladies, Dukes and Duchesses, Cabinet Ministers and Rand magnates—they rub elbows on every page; that is, on every street corner. You're bound to believe it for the novelists say so. But it is difficult, to recognize these great ones, even when plainly labelled. They have such a habit of calling each other by first names, of getting mixed up in dubious love affairs, of sitting around in drawing-rooms while tea is poured and gossip served, wasting their time when we feel that, if they're

really what they pretend to be, they should be in Parliament, lashing the Opposition into fury, or wearing their robes and coronets at royal functions.

And the women folk of Fictionshire! My sakes, but they're an odd lot. Take the Duchesses, for instance. Only the old and ugly ones have morals. But to lead a moral life appears to have a bad effect on the Duchesses of Fictionshire. It sours their tempers and sharpens their tongues; so that, after all, one much prefers the unmoral Duchesses. These, of course, are the young and pretty ones. They do not seem quite so vague to us, either, these naughty Duchesses. We are quite willing to believe in them. Probably that's the human side of us, to accept evil report on hearsay evidence. It is only the virtues of which we require proof positive.

Then the heroines of Fictionshire! They start out as mere nobodies—governesses, companions and goodness knows what. But you simply cannot keep them down. They are attractive, witty, talented. They monopolize all the feminine graces of their district. Every one is fascinated by them. You wonder why. Their reported epigrams—and there are so many to a chapter—have, somehow, a labored smartness. You could imagine such speeches toiling after a plodding pen. But tripping lightly from a tongue? Hardly.

But wait until their love affairs develop. Then you will sit up, then you will stare. Such weird and wonderful

love making was never heard or seen outside of Fictionshire. Thanks be for that! They love strenuously, these heroines, and with an amazing lack of discrimination. Half the time they are on the crumbling verge of such indiscretions as make you wary of turning the page, or else lead you to skim eagerly. It depends. But they are saved from themselves, just as Old Sleuth is always saved from his enemies, in the ultimate nick of time. Generally the Good Hero—for they go in pairs, a good one and a bad one—comes to the rescue. He saved Diana, she of the Crossways, as you will remember if you have read George Meredith's explorations in Fictionshire; and in precisely the same manner does he appear to save Julie, who was the daughter—although she shouldn't have been—of Lady Rose.

Following this experience the heroine must endure illness, long and severe. Diana did, Julie did. It makes her thin, but it's good for her morals. It's part of the hygiene of Fictionshire. While she is convalescent in Italy—see Meredith, see Mrs. Ward—the Bad

Hero is disposed of, the titled relatives of the Good Hero die off most conveniently and the heroine achieves her strawberry leaves by marrying the right one.

That's the way things go in Fictionshire. Perhaps it's all governed by county ordinance. Anyway, that's the approved course. It is quite interesting to watch, even through a fog. Yet they hardly seem to us like living, breathing humans, these folks. We don't laugh with them when they're merry, we don't cry with them when they're sad. Is it because they are such great personages that we cannot make them seem real? Or are they unreal? Does Fictionshire, with its members in Lords and Commons actually exist?

For my part, if I am to go abroad at all, I had rather revisit Ruritania, which isn't on any map and doesn't pretend to be, or gang awa up into Thrums, where there are plain, everyday folks whose simple joys and sorrows one can believe in and understand.

Yes, I know; all the Cook's tourists are going to Fictionshire. Let them.

Sultan's Bread

BY ARTHUR UPSON

REMOTE behind the Sultan's palace wall
That silent rises out of teeming Fez,
A foreign guest who oft broke bread there says
One day at food a morsel was let fall;
And Abd-ul, seeing this, did gently call
Devout slaves to restore the slightest shred—
So prized in his religion is mere bread
To the great lord of that imperial hall.
Up to the table of this life we sit,
With Sultan some, and some with tribesman, placed;
The fare is wheat or barley on our plate,
And as we break the brittle loaf of it
'Tis well to think what fragments we do waste
Which our companions may deem consecrate.

The Child of Balzac

BY R. V. RISLEY

"IT is a little matter of eleven thousand francs, Monsieur."

"Eleven thousand four hundred, Monsieur."

"If Monsieur says——"

"Pardon! I did not say."

"But——"

"Well?"

"A great man—like Monsieur——"

"I am not a great man."

"Pardon me—but—he will allow me to doubt——"

"Whether or not I am a great man?"

"I hasten to beg Monsieur's most humble pardon!" bowed the money-lender, his straight locks of slick, long hair dangling in front of his fat ears as he inclined unctuously forward.

"But——"

Balzac made a gesture, lifting his broad shoulders in a little shrug of fatigue as he stepped to the window.

He was a short man, bull-necked, rather stout. His deep eyes were in the shadow under his square forehead—the forehead of a scientist, not of an artist. The stern jaws set bitterly; the full mouth was sensuous; one imagined it could be jovial, almost vulgar. The nose was squat and animal. The rough hair clung close about the block-like head.

He was dressed in his favorite working-dress—a monk-like habit of cream white from the great sleeves of which his small hands (of which, like Aramis,

he was proud) protruded languidly, one finger stained with ink.

The room, golden in the afternoon sunlight of the Paris May, was gorgeous with what we now call bric-à-brac—a four-foot Sèvres vase to the right of the door; a set of Dresden bisques in four cabinets to the left; a Hobbemo in the shadow; a bronze of nymphs by the window, the light flaming upon their backs.

"But, Monsieur de Balzac—" began the Jew again, spreading his hands.

"But, Monsieur Gobseck!" exclaimed the man in the monk's robe, ironically.

"But your work!" cried Gobseck in despair.

"I have worked for eighteen hours," said Balzac. "I am about to rest."

"But in that case it will be four and a half per cent. more," Gobseck said.

"My new novel will be finished in seven days," said de Balzac. "Then, if I can induce the publishers to pay me, I will see you. Meanwhile——"

"But——"

"Four and a half per cent."

The Jew bowed himself out and, when he was departed, Balzac seated himself at the table in the window, his broad sleeves thrown over the strewn papers.

He was silent for a little time.

"Coffee!" he cried suddenly.

An attendant entered with pot, saucer and cup, and Balzac filled and drank rapidly three cups of the black beverage, one after the other.

When the silent-footed woman was gone, he sat crouched in his chair, his head in his hands.

He was very weary.

Innately luxurious, whimsically diletante in the wilful daintiness of his tastes, indifferent without being desperate, ironic and never optimistic—he had chosen to labor for personal ease and for elegance, and had acquired the latter at the expense of the former. His house was a museum; his toil incessant; his debts enormous. His monetary obligations had begun when he was almost a boy and had so accumulated that they now lay like a mountain upon his shoulders; for his fame began only when he was a man of nearly middle age.

Now, courted by the literary men of the age—an homage he despised and allowed—he lived, in his imagination, the life of a voluptuary; in his material existence almost that of an ascetic.

He was incapable of home life, which implies habituality; and he had no habits—or too many to have only a few. His house was his work-room and storage chamber; incidentally his sleeping and his eating-place.

When it had become quite dark there entered, after repeated, unheard knockings, the old woman who had been the nurse of his youth. She tyrannized over him.

"Honoré!" she called, shaking his shoulder. "Wake up and eat this, little one! Here!"

He roused himself as she seated herself sedately beside him. She fed him as though he had been a child, cutting the broiled meat on the plate on her lap and crumbling the bread in the creamy milk in the bowl she had brought.

"Will you sleep now, Honoré?"

He shook his head.

"But why—why—why!" she cried petulantly.

"I do not know."

After she was gone he sat for a long time, half-waking, half-dreaming, the weaving and wavering myths of his visions drifting crowdingly through his imagination.

The moon rose and went down again.

At last he rose, stumbled through the blackness to the door, opened it, and made his way, groping, along the corridor to his bedroom, where, after fumbling search, he found his night-candle. He lit it and by its light dressed himself in clothes fit for the street.

It was two hours before dawn when he crept down the statue-decorated staircase, careful not to wake the sleeping servants, and softly opened the courtyard door—closing the great portal as softly. Outside was dense darkness.

He felt his way along the walls to the corner of the street and stood, his long cloak wrapped around him. A wet drizzle had begun; aside from the patter of the rain-drops in the pools, unseen in the dark there was no sound.

After a long time a belated fiacre came dragging through the rain, the weary horse plodding on hopelessly, the driver soundly sleeping on his perch, swathed in his cape.

Balzac hailed the vehicle and climbed in onto the sodden cushions.

"Montmartre!"

They wound through the intricacies of narrow streets, and, in the dreary dawn, began to ascend the height which dominates Paris from the east.

At that time there were stairs going up the height; long, and very rickety flights of unpainted, wooden steps, where the pedestrian was, by one insecure railing, guarded from the abyss below—an abyss whose bottom was composed of house-tops.

At the foot of these steps Balzac signalled the coachman to stop.

"I get out here."

He paid, and began the ascent.

It was a long climb.

Each board was dangerous; the steps sagged and cracked beneath his feet. At the numerous landings, the angles along the escarpment, the plank platforms sank concavely, making it necessary for him to pick his way across upon the stiffer boards with circumspection.

When, at last, he arrived at the top, he stopped, breathing heavily, for it had been a hard climb. Then he stepped to the railing which guarded the sight-seer from the sheer descent on the other side toward Paris.

The sun had not yet risen, but a broad, canary-yellow ribbon lay stretched along the east as light.

Far below, on the other side, the roofs of the city rose dimly above the mist; the streets were still invisible; it had ceased to rain.

Turning his head idly, his eyes rested upon the figure of a woman in the obscurity. He went over to her.

"Child," he said, "what are you doing here?"

She was young; not more than sixteen; she was dressed shabbily; her long braid of hair was thrown over her breast, across her right shoulder; her big hat hid her face.

"Nothing."

"Where have you been during the rain?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"What matter?"

He came nearer, and spoke very gently.

"My child—tell me."

"Does anything matter?"

The sun was risen now. From far away came, to their ears, very faintly the sound of a bell—that tolled—and tolled—and tolled.

"Listen," said the girl. "It is the dawn-bell of Nôtre Dame."

She stood with her arm outstretched toward the awakening city.

Her shadow, for a moment, loomed black and vast against the rising mists in the west; like some fallen angel blessing the city—a black angel.

He heard the sound of her footsteps die out in the fog as they lessened softly down the stairs.

The dawn grew lighter. Black spires of churches grew gradually as distinct through the wavering gray mists as the spires of larches in Arctic twilights against snow; the great bulks of the public buildings slowly became solid amid the shadows; the dully-burnished, silvery waters of the Seine began to glimmer into distinctness through erratic veils of vapor.

He leaned forward and, raising his hand, cursed the city, alone, there in the dawn—cursed its hope and its fear; cursed its grief and its joy; cursed its memory and its forgetfulness; cursed its yesterday and its to-morrow; cursed its increase and its decrease; cursed the loves and the prides, the sorrows and joys and griefs of it; cursed the horror and debonairness of it, the fury and indifference and irony and laughter of this terrible hell of the gay.

The great bells of Nôtre Dame now began to ring out a glad and splendid peal. The sun was waking the life of the streets.

"My God!" he cried aloud, "what of those who live the life of the night?"

The sun rose higher and higher. The mists lifted gradually, like veils. From horizon to horizon the roofs stretched, endless, interminable. And each of these thousands and thousands of roofs held lives; lives yet to be: to learn by suffering; to laugh; to cry; to love; to hate; to dream their little dreams; to shape to their little individual and meanly grown senses of expediency. His mind leaped from possibility to possibility and from fact to fact, remembering and creating—

remembering in order to re-use its creations, creating in order to re-use its memories.

It was now almost full dawn.

He descended the creaking stairs and made his way down the slope of the cobble-stoned street.

He met no one save a youth of the quarter who approached him whiningly, and who, when he caught the dangerous glint of Balzac's eyes, drew back, his clutched cudgel dropped at his side.

"Blagueur!" came spitting the thief's slang of Les Barrières. "V'la —tss! Y'—a de poignard? Laisse!"

Far down at the bottom of the Butte, Balzac found a fiacre, one of the first out of the stables that morning.

"Place des Victoires!"

The dun-colored mist hung in writhing swirls of smoke in the streets as high as the second stories of the houses.

There is, at the corner of the Square and of the Rue Etienne Marcel, a café.

Balzac got out, dismissed the fiacre and seated himself at one of the little iron-topped, three-legged tables which stood on the pavement, between the dew-laden acacias in green tubs, under the red and white striped awning. On his left was a heavy-eyed old man in the evening costume of the night before, drinking his "Pernod" to steady his hand; on his right there sat a plasterer's assistant in corduroys and white blouse.

Two shop-girls passed, each with a brown dress-box upon her arm. Their little, turned-up noses were cuddled into their big tulle neck-scarfs in the chill daybreak.

They glanced at the man in evening dress.

"Pst!" said one to the other. "Old comedy! Trottons nous!"

Balzac paid his score, and made his way along the Rue des Petits Champs, turned to the right, passed through the Rue Monsigny, and seated himself on

the bench outside the café at the corner of that short street and the Rue du Quatre Septembre.

Here an old woman, in the fluted cap and huge earrings of Normandy, was serving bowls of steaming chocolate, at twenty-five centimes the bowl—including bread—to a waiting line of drovers and market-men. As Balzac sat, dipping pieces of his yet oven-hot loaf into the aromatic purple chocolate, and watching the old woman abusively shove her ten-year-old granddaughter, laden with platters, from customer to customer, the earliest flower girls, pushing their two-wheeled carts before them, began to cry roses in the Rue Monsigny. In the fresh sunlight the scent of the heaped flowers was heavy on the air.

On the opposite side of the Rue du Quatre Septembre was standing a rag-cart to which was hitched with ropes a fat, old, white horse. The father and mother were scavenging through the barrels further down the street; the daughter of twelve was gathering, from the broom of the sleepy porter who brushed them out, the tangled papers from the feather-shop on the corner. Her skirt was sackcloth, tied round her with a string; her shoes had no longer any heels; her upper garment was a dirty cotton waist, immodestly tight—yet she wore around her neck a cheap chain and had twined red ribbons in her braid of brown hair.

She glanced at the flowers wistfully, and Balzac, when she was not looking, beckoned to one of the girls, bought a great bunch of roses, and tossed them in the rag-picker's cart.

He rose at last, and made his way home wearily along the awakening streets.

He opened the big door of his house and stole silently up the stairs.

By the time he had changed his clothes the servants were wakening.

Once more he was in his monk's robe at his littered work-table.

He rang impatiently.

"Coffee!"

"Monsieur," said the servant, hesitating, tray in hand, after his master had drunk, "there is no money in the house——"

"My novel will be finished in a week," said Balzac, his forehead on his hand.

"But——"

"I know."

The warm daylight fell through the window in a radiance that glowed upon his face.

He sighed once more and dipped his pen in the ink, but could not write.

His mind was dumb with tiredness; it would not speak to him; all the incessant avidity of inspiration was deadened into a slumber which refused to be wakened—stunned with fatigue, inexpressibly weary.

The girl's face haunted him—the girl of the rain. It persistently thrust itself before the eyes of his memory.

His head sank on his arms on the paper-littered table, and he slept.

"Pardon, Monsieur."

It was the housekeeper. He had slept through the day and the room was shadowy with the dusk.

The old woman made him drink a bowl of hot soup and eat a little meat; then he turned again to his papers.

He worked until far into the night, but could not make the vision of the girl's face leave him.

In the dark hour before the dawn, he redressed again and went forth, journeyed to Montmartre, climbed again the wooden steps, and once more found her waiting idly there in the mist.

"Child," he said, "I have been——"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"What are you?" he asked in the silence.

"See," she answered, "the city. It is all asleep."

He touched her gently.

"Child," he said, "I am the most weary man of all the world. I do not know why, but you are rest to me. Will you come to me?"

Without one word she turned and followed him.

She was always silent. If, as he used to do in the first months, he asked her questions, she would sit, looking at him silently.

She was not what we now name "temperamental"; she was never emotional, never expressive; she was never mystic—always silent.

She could talk, at times, with a certain significant animation—an ironic vivacity unspeakably sad. She possessed strange moods of tenderness—moods, when, in the black hours of the night, her love was as sweet as that of a mother—moods that rested the weary man as slumber rests over-tired eyes.

She had something of that dangerous placidity which the cat and the tiger have, slow, delicate, precise, indomitable. Sometimes her silence—that level, passionate, portentous gaze—drove him to fury—and she sat and watched him, idly.

She could be amused. In some instances she seemed to cast away the possibility of recollection and threw herself, almost madly, into the gayety of forgetfulness—but she was always cold.

She would sit, the red-trimmed bodice of her chrome-yellow gown fallen from one young shoulder, the careless train thrown around across her feet, her bare elbows on the book-laden table, her chin upon her clasped hands, and gaze at him somberly.

He could not daunt those inscrutable eyes—those eyes so full of shadows, those eyes so smouldering with that laughter which never awakes—nor

threats nor love could rouse them, nor even indifference.

Several times he left her alone for days; and returned to find her reproachless and unexacting as before.

Delighting in herself exclusively for her own sake, she yet cared nothing for the homage of men; her self-sufficiency was absolute.

"What is your name?" he asked once.

"Yvonne."

"And——"

And again the shrug—and silence.

She left as she had come.

One day in the early dawn she had gone.

From room to room he went, throwing open the door expectantly, hopelessly.

She had gone as she had come, mysteriously and silently.

He never knew why.

He summoned the police to aid his search; he haunted the Butte Montmartre at dawn, for months; he haunted the cafés; he haunted the streets. She had disappeared utterly.

One black night, ten years later, Balzac was returning from a ball in the house of the then notorious Marquise de ——.

His way led him along the Rue du Bac. Where it intersects the Quai Voltaire and ends at the Port Royal a woman passed him.

They looked in one another's eyes.

When one has once realized the soul of Paris in one's heart, it remains forever—longing as an ache, a memory; the desire for it gnaws like a hunger which only itself can appease; compels like the command of an irresistible destiny; drags with the strength of a tide.

In an instant she was gone in the dense shadows of the trees.

"Yvonne!" he cried in the stillness.

"My great God! Yvonne—Yvonne—Yvonne!"

He ran through the shadows, desperately, madly, calling.

At last, after many hours as it seemed to him, he found himself leaning against the bole of one of the trees which bordered the quai, his clothing disordered, his voice hoarse, his face wet with tears.

Her eyes had had in them in that swift moment of recognition, all the infinite sadness of the years—the unspeakable pathos of all created things.

"My God!" he cried aloud in his agony in the dark. "If she should be cold! If——"

The dawn came slowly, a pallid and desolate daybreak. A drizzling rain began to fall.

The Seine—"the river of suicides"—the most awful river in this world—the river of this city of the gay—was hid in mist.

He never saw her again.

The Poetry of William Butler Yeats

BY A. E.

WHEN I was asked to write "anything" about our Irish poet my thoughts were like rambling flocks that have no shepherd, and without guidance my rambling thoughts have run anywhere.

I confess I have feared to enter or linger too long in the many-colored land of Druid twilights and runes. A beauty not our own, more perfect than we can ourselves conceive is a danger to the imagination. I am too often tempted to wander with Usheen in Tirnanoge and to forget my own heart and its more rarely accorded vision of truth. I know I like my own heart best, but I never look into the world of my friend without feeling that my region lies in the temperate zone and is near the Arctic circle; the flowers grow more rarely and are paler, and the struggle for existence is keener. Southward and in the warm west are the Happy Isles among the Shadowy Waters. The pearly phantoms are dancing there with blown hair amid cloud-frail daffodils. They have known nothing but beauty, or at the most a beautiful unhappiness. Everything there moves in procession or according to ritual, and the agony of grief, if it is felt, must be concealed. There are no faces blurred with tears there; some traditional gesture signifying sorrow is all that is allowed. I have looked with longing eyes into this world. It is Ildathach, the Many-Colored Land, but not the Land of the Living Heart. That Island where the multitudinous beatings of many hearts became one is yet unvisited; but the isle

of our poet is the most beautiful of all the isles the mystic voyageurs have found during the thousands of years literature has recorded in Ireland. What wonder that many wish to follow him, and already other voices are singing amid its twilights.

They will make and unmake. They will discover new wonders; and will perhaps make commonplace some beauty which but for repetition would have seemed rare. I would that no one but the first discoverer should enter Ildathach or at least report of it. No voyage to the new world, however memorable, will hold us like the voyage of Columbus. I sigh sometimes thinking on the light dominion dreams have over the heart. We cannot hold a dream for long, and that early joy of the poet in his new-found world has passed. It has seemed to him too luxuriant. He seeks for something more, and has tried to make its tropical tangle orthodox, and the glimmering waters and winds are no longer beautiful natural presences, but have become symbolic voices and preach obscurely some doctrine of their power to quench the light in the soul or to fan it to a brighter flame. I like their old voiceless motion and their natural wandering best, and would rather roam in the bee-loud glade than under the boughs of beryl and chrysoberyl where I am put to school to learn the significance of every jewel. I like that natural infinity which a prodigal beauty suggests more than that revealed in esoteric hieroglyphs even though the writing be in precious stones. Sometimes I wonder whether

that insatiable desire of the mind for something more than it has yet attained, which blows the perfume from every flower, and plucks the flower from every tree, and hews down every tree in the valley until it goes forth gnawing itself in a last hunger, does not threaten all the cloudy turrets of the poet's soul. But whatever end or transformation or unveiling may happen, that which creates beauty must have beauty in its essence, and the soul must cast off many vestures before it comes to itself. We, all of us, poets, artists and musicians, who work in shadows, must sometime begin to work in substance, and why should we grieve if one labor ends and another begins? I am interested more in life than in the shadows of life, and as Ildathach grows fainter I await eagerly the revelation of the real nature of one who has built so many mansions in the heavens. The poet has concealed himself under the embroidered cloths and has moved in secretness, and only at rare times, as when he says "A pity beyond all telling is hid in the heart of love" do we find a love which is not the love of the Sidhe; and more rarely still do recognizable human figures, like the Old Pensioner or Moll Magee, meet us. All the rest are from another world and are survivals of the proud and golden races who move with the old stateliness and an added sorrow for the dark age which breaks in upon their loveliness. They do not war upon the new age, but build up about themselves in imagination the ancient beauty, and love with a love a little colored by the passion of the darkness from which they could not escape. They are the sole inheritors of many traditions, and have now come to the end of the ways and so are unhappy. We know why they are unhappy, but not the cause of a strange merriment which sometimes they feel, unless it be that beauty within itself has a joy in its own rhythmic being. They are

changing, too, as the winds and waters have changed. They are not like Usheen, seekers and romantic wanderers, but have each found some mood in themselves where all quest ceases; they utter oracles; and even in the swaying of a hand or the dropping of hair there is less suggestion of individual action than of a divinity living within them shaping an elaborate beauty in dream for his own delight, and for no other end than the delight in his dream. Other poets have written of Wisdom overshadowing man and speaking through his lips, or a Will working within the human will, but I think in this poetry we find for the first time the revelation of the Spirit as the weaver of beauty. Hence it comes that little hitherto unnoticed motions are adored:

"You need but lift a pearl-pale hand,
And bind up your long hair and
sigh;
And all men's hearts must burn and
beat."

This woman is less the beloved than the priestess of beauty who reveals the divinity, not as the inspired prophetesses filled with the Holy Breath did in the ancient mysteries, but in casual gestures and in a waving of her white arms, in the stillness of her eyes, in her hair which trembles like a fairy flood of unloosed shadowy light over pale breasts, and in many glimmering motions so beautiful that it is at once seen whose footfall it is we hear, and that the place where she stands is holy ground. This, it seems to me, is what is essential in this poetry, what is peculiar and individual in it—the revelation of great mysteries in unnoticed things; and as not a sparrow may fall unconsidered by Him, so even in the swaying of a human hand this sceptre may have dominion over the heart and His paradise be entered in the lifting of an eyelid.

The Fortunes of Fifi

BY MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

CHAPTER V

A PARCEL OF OLD SHOES

THE day arrived when Fifi's hundred thousand francs was to be paid over to her and deposited in the bank. Fifi had taken for granted that Cartouche would be with her on that momentous occasion; but when the day came no Cartouche appeared, so she was forced to ask Madame Bourcet and Louis Bourcet to attend her. This they both agreed to do, with the utmost alacrity.

Fifi still remained perfectly and strangely docile, but her mind had begun to work normally once more, and Fifi had a very strong little mind, which could work with great vigor. She had the enormous advantage of belonging to that class of persons who always know exactly what they want, and what they do not want. She did not want to have her money where she could not get it; and banks seemed to her mysterious institutions which were designed to lock people's money up and prevent them from getting the benefit of it, but offered no security whatever that somebody other than the owner should not get the benefit of it. She had heretofore kept all her money—when she had any—sewed up in her mattress, in a place where she could feel it, if she wished to; and the mattress was perfectly safe; whereas, she had no guaranty that the bank was.

So Fifi quietly but decisively made up her mind that she would get hold of her hundred thousand francs and put it in a safe place—that is to say, the mattress. It might not be difficult to manage. Madame Bourcet told her she must take a tin box with her, and kindly provided the box; but it was not impossible— Suppose, thought Fifi, she could quietly transfer the money to a large reticule she possessed, and put something, old shoes, for example, in the tin box she would deposit in the bank? She had plenty of old shoes in her mysterious trunk. Fifi was charmed with this notion.

On the morning of the great day she took the precaution to fill her reticule with old shoes, fasten it to her belt, and it was so well concealed by her flowing red cloak that nobody but herself knew she had a reticule. Madame Bourcet, Louis and herself were to go in the carriage of Madame Bourcet's brother, a professor of mathematics, who had married a fortune of two hundred thousand francs, and was held up as a model of wisdom and a prodigy of virtue therefor.

The carriage arrived, and the party set out. Louis Bourcet regarded Fifi with an eye of extreme favor. She had never asserted herself, or contradicted any one, or said a dozen words consecutively, since she had been with Madame Bourcet; and she had a hundred thousand francs of her own.

Louis thought he could not have

found a wife better suited to him if she had been made to order. As she was the granddaughter to the Pope's cousin, her experiences in the street of the Black Cat were evenly balanced by her other advantages.

As they jolted soberly along, Fifi's mind was busy with her provident scheme of guarding against banks. When they reached the bank—a large and imposing establishment—they were ushered into a private room, where sat several official-looking persons. A number of transfers were made in writing, the money was produced, counted, and placed in Fifi's tin box.

This ended that part of the formalities. Then the box was to be sealed up and placed in a strong box hired from the bank. Fifi herself carried the tin box under her cloak, and, accompanied by Madame Bourcet and Louis, went to another apartment in the bank, from which they were taken to the strong room in the basement. There Fifi solemnly handed over her tin box to be tied and sealed, and accepted a receipt for it; and it was put away securely in a little dungeon of its own.

Never was a parcel of old shoes treated with greater respect, for in it reposed the contents of Fifi's reticule, while in the reticule peacefully lay a hundred thousand francs. It had been done under the noses of Madame Bourcet and Louis—and with the utmost neatness—for Fifi was accustomed to acting, and was in no way discomposed by having people about her, but was rather steadied and emboldened.

On the return home in the carriage Louis Bourcet treated her with such distinguished consideration that he was really afraid his attentions, including the numerous games of cribbage, were compromising, but Fifi noted him not. Her mind was fixed on the contents of her reticule, and the superior satisfaction it is to have one's money safe in a mattress where one can get at it, instead

of being locked up in a bank where everybody could get at it except one's self.

That night, while Madame Bourcet snored and snoozed peacefully, Fifi, by the light of a solitary candle, was down on her knees, sewing her money up in the mattress. She made a hard little knob of it right in the middle, so she could feel it every time she turned over in bed. Then, climbing into bed, she slept the sleep of conscious innocence and peace.

The next event in Fifi's life was to be her presentation to the Holy Father. For this Madame Bourcet severely coached Fifi. She was taught how to walk, how to speak, how to curtsy, how to go in and how to go out of the room on the great occasion. Fifi learned with her new docility and obedience, but had a secret conviction that she would forget it all as soon as the occasion came to use it.

A week or two after Fifi had rescued her money from the bank the day arrived for her presentation to the Holy Father, who had personally appointed the time. Since Fifi's journey from Italy in her childhood, she had never been so far from the street of the Black Cat as Fontainebleau, and the length and expense of the journey impressed her extremely. Louis Bourcet did not accompany Madame Bourcet and Fifi on the visit, but it was understood that Madame Bourcet should present his application for Fifi's hand.

It was a soft, mild day in February, with a hint of spring in the air, that they set forth in a rickety coach for Fontainebleau. Fifi wore the hideous brown gown with the green spots in it, and felt exactly as she did the night she played *Léontine* in the blue silk robe with the grease spot in the back. If the grease spot had been noticed everything would have been ruined—and if the Holy Father should notice the brown gown! Fifi felt that it would

mean wholesale disaster. She comforted herself, however, with the reflection that the Holy Father probably knew nothing about ladies' gowns; and then, she had never forgotten the extreme kindness of the Holy Father's eyes the night she peered at him in the coach.

"And after all," she thought, "although Cartouche laughed at me for thinking the Holy Father had looked at me that night, I know he did—perhaps I am like my father or my grandfather, and that was why he looked." And then she remembered what Cartouche had said about the private soldiers not being afraid when the Emperor talked with them. "It will be the same with the Holy Father," she thought. "He is so far above me—why, it would be ridiculous for me to be afraid of him."

It took all of three hours to get to Fontainebleau, and Fifi felt that the world was a very large place indeed. They drove through the splendid park and dismounted before the great château. Then, Madame Bourcet showing some cabalistic card or other token, it was understood that the visit of the two ladies was expected by the Pope. They were escorted up the great horse-shoe stairs and into a small salon, where luncheon was served to them, after their long drive. Madame Bourcet was too elegant to eat much, but Fifi, whose appetite had been in abeyance ever since she left the street of the Black Cat, revived, and she devoured her share with a relish. It was the first time she had been hungry since she had had enough to eat.

Presently a sour-looking ecclesiastic came to escort them to the presence of the Holy Father. The ecclesiastic was clearly in a bad humor. The Holy Father was always being appealed to by widows with grievances, real or imaginary, young ladies who did not want to marry the husbands selected for

them, young men who had got themselves in discredit with their families or superiors, and the Holy Father had a way of treating these sinners as if they were not sinners at all. Indeed, he often professed himself to be edified by their pious repentance; and the ecclesiastic never quite understood whether the Holy Father was quietly amusing himself at the expense of his household or not. But one thing was certain to the ecclesiastic's mind: the Holy Father had not that horror of sinners which the world commonly has, and was far too easy on them.

With these thoughts in mind, he introduced Madame Bourcet into the Pope's cabinet, while Fifi remained in the anteroom, guarded by another ecclesiastic, who looked much more human than his colleague. This last one thought it necessary to infuse courage into Fifi concerning the coming interview, but to his amazement found Fifi not in the least afraid.

"I don't know why, Monsieur, I should be afraid," she said. "A friend of mine—Cartouche—says the private soldiers are not the least afraid of the Emperor, and are perfectly at ease when he speaks to them, while the councillors of state and the marshals and the great nobles can not look him in the eye."

"And may I ask who is this Cartouche, Mademoiselle?" asked the ecclesiastic.

"He is a friend of mine," replied Fifi warily.

At last, after twenty minutes, Madame Bourcet came out. She was pale and agitated, but showed satisfaction in every feature.

"The Holy Father approves of my nephew, provided you have no objection to him," she whispered. And the next moment Fifi found herself alone with the Holy Father.

Although the afternoon was mild and sunny, a large fire was burning on

the hearth, and close to it, in a large armchair, sat Pius the Seventh. He gave Fifi the same impression of whiteness and benevolence he had given her at that chance meeting three months before.

As Fifi entered she made a low bow—not the one that Madame Bourcet had taught her, but a much better one, taught her by her own tender little heart. And instantly, as before, there was an electric sympathy established between the old man and the young girl, as the old and young eyes exchanged confidences.

"My child," were the Holy Father's first words, in a voice singularly young and sweet for an old man. "I have seen you before, and now I know why it was that the sight of your eyes so moved me. You are my Barnabas' granddaughter."

And then Fifi made one of the most outlandish speeches imaginable for a young girl to make to the Supreme Pontiff. She said:

"Holy Father, as I looked into your eyes that night when your coach was passing through the street of the Black Cat, I said to myself, 'There is an old man with a father's heart,' and I felt as if I had seen my own father."

And instead of meeting this speech with a look of cold reproof, the Holy Father's eyes grew moist, and he said:

"It was the cry of kindred between us. Now, sit near to me—not in that armchair."

"Here is a footstool," cried Fifi, and drawing the footstool up to the Holy Father's knees, she seated herself with no more fear than Cartouche had of his Emperor.

"Now, my child," said the Holy Father, "the old must always be allowed to tell their stories first,—the young have time to wait. I know that you can not have seen your grandfather, or even remembered your own father, he died so young."

"Yes, Holy Father, I was so little when he died."

"I could have loved him as a son, if I had known him," the Holy Father continued, speaking softly as the old do of a bygone time. "But never was any one so much a part of my heart as Barnabas was. We were born within a month of each other, at Cesena, a little old town at the foot of the Apennines. I think I never saw so pretty and pleasant an old town as Cesena—so many fine young men and excellent maidens, such venerable old people. One does not see such nowadays."

Fifi said nothing, but she did not love the Holy Father less for this simplicity of the old which is so like the simplicity of the young.

"Barnabas and I grew up together in an old villa, all roses and honeysuckles outside, all rats and mice within—but we did not mind the rats and mice. When we grew out of our babyhood into two naughty, troublesome boys, we thought it fine sport to hunt the poor rats and torture them. I was worse in that respect than Barnabas, who was ever a better boy than I. But we had other amusements than that. We loved to climb into the blue hills about Cesena, and when we were old enough to be trusted by ourselves we would sometimes spend days in those far-off hills, with nothing but bread and cheese and wild grapes to live on. We slept at night on the ground, rolled in our blankets. We were hardy youngsters, and I never had sweeter sleep than in those summer nights on the hard ground, with the kind stars keeping watch over us."

Fifi said no word. The old man was living over again that sweet, young time, and from it was borne the laughter, faint and afar off, the smiles so softly tender, the tears robbed of all their saltiness; he was once more, in thought, a little boy with his little play-

mate on the sunny slopes of the Apennines.

Presently he spoke again, looking into Fifi's eyes, so like those of the dead and gone comrade of the old Cesena days.

"Barnabas, although of better natural capacity than I, did not love the labor of reading. He chose that I should read, and tell him what I read; and so he knew all that I knew and more besides, being of sharper and more observant mind. We never had a difference except once. It was over a cherry tart—what little gluttons we were! When we quarreled about the tart our mothers divided it, and for punishment condemned us both to eat our share alone. And what do you think was the result? Neither one of us would touch it—and then we cried and made up our quarrel; it was our first and last, and we were but ten years old."

Fifi listened with glowing eyes. These little stories of his youth, long remembered, made Fifi feel as if the Holy Father were very human, after all.

The old man paused, and his expressive eyes grew dreamy as he gazed at Fifi. She brought back to him, as never before, the dead and gone time: the still, ancient little town, lying as quietly in the sunlight as in the moonlight, the peaceful life that flowed there so placidly and innocently. He seemed to hear again the murmuring of the wind in the fir trees of the old garden and the delicate cooing of the blue and white pigeons in the orchard. Once more he inhaled the aromatic scent of the burning pine cones, as Barnabas and himself, their two boyish heads together, hung over the scanty fire in the great vaulted kitchen of the old villa. All, all, were gone; the villa had fallen to decay; the orchard and the garden were no more; only the solemn fir trees and the dark blue peaks of the Apennines remained unchanged. And here

was a girl with the same eyes, dark, yet softly bright, of his playfellow and more than brother of fifty years ago!

Fifi spoke no word. The only sound in the small, vaulted room was the faint crackling of the burning logs, across which a brilliant bar of sunlight had crept stealthily. As the Holy Father paused and looked at Fifi, there was a gentle deprecation in his glance; he seemed to be saying: "Bear with age a while, O glorious and pathetic youth! Let me once more dream your dreams, and lay aside the burden of greatness." And the old man did not continue until he saw in Fifi's eyes that she was not wearied with him; then he spoke again.

"When we were ten years old we were taught to serve on the altar. Barnabas served with such recollection, such beautiful precision, that it was like prayer to see him. He was a handsome boy, and in his white surplice and red cassock, his face glowing with the noble innocence and simplicity of a good boyhood, he looked like a young archangel."

"And yourself, Holy Father?" asked Fifi.

"Ah, I was very unlike Barnabas. I was but an ordinary-looking boy, and I often fell asleep while I was sitting by the priest during the sermon, and in full view of the congregation. We had a worthy old priest, who would let me sleep during the sermon, but would pinch me smartly to wake me up when it was over and it was time again to go on the altar. So I devised a way to keep myself awake. I hid a picture book in the sleeve of my cassock, and during the sermon, while the priest who was on the altar had his eyes fixed on the one who was preaching in the pulpit, I slipped out my picture book, and began to look at it stealthily,—but not so stealthily that the priest did not see me, and, quietly reaching over, took it

out of my hand and put it in the pocket of his cassock. I plotted revenge, however. Presently, when the priest went up on the altar and is forbidden to leave it, he turned and motioned to me for the water, which it was my duty to have ready. I whispered to him, 'Give me my picture book, and I will give you the water.' Of course, he had to give me the picture book, and then I gave him the water. He did not tell my parents of me, wherein he failed in his duty; but he gave me, after mass, a couple of sound slaps—and I played no more tricks on him."

"Holy Father, you must have been a flesh-and-blood boy," said Fifi, softly.

The Holy Father laughed—a fresh, youthful laugh, like his voice.

"Formerly I judged myself harshly. Now I know that, though I was not a very good boy, I was not a bad boy. I was not so good a boy as Barnabas. He had no vocation for the priesthood; but in my eighteenth year the wish to be a priest awoke in me. And the hardest of all the separations which my vocation entailed was the parting with Barnabas. He went to Piacenza and became an advocate. He married and died within a year, leaving a young widow and one child—your father. They were well provided for, and the mother's family took charge of the widow and of the child. But the widow, too, soon died, and only your father was left. I often wished to see him, and my heart yearned like a father's over him, but I was a poor parish priest, far away from him, and could hear nothing from him. Then in the disorders that followed the French Revolution one lost sight of all that one had ever known and loved. I caused diligent inquiry to be made—I was a bishop then, and could have helped Barnabas' son—but I could not find a trace of him. He, like Barnabas, had married and died young, leaving an only child—yourself—and, I knew it not! The great whirl-

pool of the Revolution seemed to swallow up everything. But on the night of my arrival in Paris, as we passed slowly along that narrow street, and I saw your face peering into my carriage, it was as if my Barnabas had come back to me. You are more like him than I believed any child could be like its father. So, when I heard, through the agency of the Emperor, that a young relative of mine, by name Chiaramonti, was in Paris, earning her living, I felt sure it was the young girl who looked into my carriage that night."

"But I am not earning my living now, Holy Father."

"So I hear. You have had strange good fortune—good fortune in having done honest work in your poverty, and good fortune in being under the charge of the excellent and respectable Madame Bourcet, since there was no need for you to work."

"But—" Here Fifi paused and struggled for a moment with herself, then burst out: "I was happier, far, when I was earning my living. The theater was small, and ill lighted, and my wages were barely enough to live upon, and I often was without a fire; but at least I had Cartouche and Toto."

"And who are Cartouche and Toto?" asked the Holy Father, mildly.

Then Fifi told the story of Cartouche; how brave he was at the bridge of Lodi; how he had befriended her, and stood between her and harm; and, strange to say, the Pope appeared not the least shocked at things that would have paralyzed Madame Bourcet and Louis Bourcet. Fifi told him all about the thirty francs she had saved up for the cloak, and the spending it in buying Toto, and the Holy Father laughed outright. He asked many questions about the theater, and the life of the people there, and agreed with Fifi when she said sagely:

"Cartouche says there is not much more of virtue in one calling than another, and that those people, like poor actors and actresses, who live from hand to mouth, and can't be very particular, are in the way of doing more kindnesses for each other than people who lead more regular lives. Cartouche, you know, Holy Father, is a plain, blunt man."

"Like Mark Antony," replied the Pope, smiling. Fifi had never heard of such a person as Mark Antony, so very wisely held her peace.

"But this Cartouche seems to be an honest fellow," added the Pope.

"Holy Father," cried Fifi, earnestly, "Cartouche is as honest as you are!"

"I should like to see him," said the Holy Father, smiling at Fifi.

"If I could, I would make him come to you—but he will not even come to see me," said Fifi sadly. "Before he took me to Madame Bourcet's he told me I must leave my old life behind me. He said, 'It will be hard, Fifi, but it must be done resolutely.' I said: 'At least if I see no one else of those people, whom I really love, now that I am separated from them—except Julie Campionet'—I shall always hate Julie Campionet—I shall see you.' 'No,' said Cartouche, in an obstinate voice that I knew well,—Cartouche is as obstinate as a donkey when he wishes to be,—'if you see me you will have a new struggle every time we part. Years from now, when you are fixed in another life, when you are suitably married, it will do you no harm to see me, but not now'—and actually, Holy Father, that mean, cruel, heartless Cartouche has kept his word, and has not been near me, or even answered my letters."

"Cartouche is a sensible fellow," said the Holy Father, under his breath.

Luckily Fifi did not catch the words, or she would, in her own mind, have stigmatized the Holy Father as also

mean, cruel and heartless, just like Cartouche.

"Very well," said the Pope aloud, "tell me about Julie Campionet. Why do you hate her?"

"Oh, Holy Father, Julie Campionet is a minx. She married the manager against his will, and has stolen all my best parts, and has made everybody at the theater forget there ever was a Mademoiselle Fifi. You can't imagine a person more evil than Julie Campionet."

"Wicked, wicked Julie Campionet," said the Holy Father softly; and Fifi knew he was laughing at her. Then he grew serious and said: "My child, it is important—nay, necessary—for you to be properly married. You are too young, too friendless, too inexperienced, to be safe until you have the protection of a good husband. Madame Bourcet has brought me proofs of the worth and respectability of her nephew, Monsieur Louis Bourcet, and, as the head of your family, I urge you to marry this worthy young man."

Fifi sat still, the dazed, submissive look coming back into her face. Everything seemed to compel her to marry Louis Bourcet. As the Holy Father had said, she must marry some one. She felt a sense of despair, which involved resignation to her fate. The Holy Father looked at her sharply, but said gently:

"Is there no one else?"

"No one, Holy Father," replied Fifi.

There was no one but Cartouche; and Cartouche would neither see her nor write to her, and besides had never spoken a word of love to her in his life. If she had remained at the theater she could have made Cartouche marry her; but now that was impossible. Fifi was finding out some things in her new life which robbed her of one of her chief weapons—ignorance of convention.

"And Monsieur Bourcet is worthy?" she heard the Holy Father saying, and she replied mechanically:

"Quite worthy."

"And you do not dislike him?"

"No," said Fifi, after a moment's pause. There was not enough in Louis Bourcet to dislike.

Fifi rose. She could not bear any more on this subject. The Holy Father, smiling at Fifi's taking the initiative in closing the interview, said to her:

"Then you agree to marry Louis Bourcet?"

"I agree to marry Louis Bourcet," replied Fifi, in a voice that sounded strange in her own ears. She did not know what else to say. Two months ago she would have replied briskly, "No, indeed; I shall marry Cartouche, and nobody but Cartouche." Now, however, she seemed to be under a spell. It appeared to be arranged for her that she should marry Louis Bourcet, and Cartouche would not lift a finger to help her. And, strangest of all, in saying she would marry Louis Bourcet she did not really know whether she meant it or not. It was all an uneasy dream.

The Pope raised his hand to bless her. Fifi, looking at him, saw that the stress of emotion at seeing her was great. The pallor of his face had given place to a dull flush, and his up-lifted hand trembled.

"You will come again, my child, when your future is settled?" he said.

"Yes, Holy Father," replied Fifi, and sank on her knees to receive his blessing.

As she walked toward the door, the Holy Father called to her:

"Remember that Julie Campionet, in spite of her crimes toward you, is one of God's children."

Fifi literally ran out of the room. It seemed to her as if the Holy Father were taking Julie Campionet's part.

CHAPTER VI

THE BLUE SATIN BED

Two weeks after the visit to Fontainebleau came the crisis—for Fifi was as surely tending toward a crisis as water flows downward and sparks fly upward. Madame Bourcet, armed with the Holy Father's approval, represented to Fifi the necessity for her marrying Louis Bourcet. Fifi listened silently. Then, Madame Bourcet, eagerly taking silence for consent, said that Louis would that very evening accept formally of Fifi's hand. To this also Fifi made no reply, and Madame Bourcet left the room fully persuaded that Fifi was revelling in rapture at the thought of acquiring an epitome of all the virtues in Louis Bourcet.

It was during the morning, and in the snuff-colored drawing-room, that the communication was made. Fifi felt a great wave of doubt and anxiety swelling up in her heart. For the first time she was brought face to face with the marriage problem, and it frightened her by its immensity. If only Cartouche were there—some one to whom she could pour out her trembling, agitated heart! But Cartouche was not there, nor would he come. And suddenly, for the first time, something of the fierceness of maidenhood overwhelmed Fifi—a feeling that Cartouche should, after all, seek her—that, if he loved her, as she knew he did above everything on earth, he should speak and not shame her by his silence.

Then, the conviction that Cartouche preferred her good to his, that he thought she would be happier married to another and a different man, and held himself honestly unworthy to marry her, brought a flood of tenderness to her heart. She had seen Cartouche turn red and pale when she kissed him, and avoid her innocent familiarities, and she knew well enough what it meant. But if he would not

come, nor speak, nor write,—and everybody, even the Holy Father, was urging her to marry Louis Bourcet; and a great, strong chain of circumstances was dragging her toward the same end—oh, what a day of emotions it was to Fifi!

She knew not how it passed, nor what she said or did, nor what she ate and drank; she only waited, as if for the footfall of fate, for the hour when Louis Bourcet would arrive. He came at eight, punctual to the minute. Punctuality, like every other virtue, was his. Madame Bourcet whispered something to him, and Louis, for the first time, touched Fifi's hand and brushed it with his lips, Fifi standing like a statue. The crisis was rapidly becoming acute.

At nine o'clock the cribbage board was brought out; Madame Bourcet dutifully fell asleep, and Louis, with the air of doing the most important thing in the world, took from his pocket a small picture of himself, which he presented to Fifi with a formal speech, of which she afterward could not recall one word. Nor could she remember what he talked about during the succeeding half-hour before Madame Bourcet waked up. Then Louis rose to go, and something was said about happiness and economy in the management of affairs; and Louis announced that owing to the necessity of procuring certain papers from Strasbourg, where his little property lay, the marriage contract could not be signed for a month yet, and inquired if Fifi would be ready to marry him at the end of the month. Fifi instantly replied yes, and then the crisis was over. From that moment nothing on earth would have induced Fifi to marry Louis Bourcet.

She did not, of course, put this in words, but sent poor Louis off with her promise to marry him in a month. Nevertheless, by one of those processes of logic which Fifi could not formulate

to save her life, but which she could act up to in the teeth of fire and sword, the promise to marry Louis Bourcet settled for all time that she would not marry him.

Up to that moment all had been vague, agitating, mysterious and compelling. She felt herself driven, if not to marry Louis Bourcet, to act as if she meant to marry him. But once she had promised, once she had something tangible to go upon, her spirit burst its chains, and she was once more free. She had no more notion of marrying Louis Bourcet then than she had of trying to walk on her head. And she felt such a wild, tempestuous joy—the first flush of happiness she had known since the wretched lottery ticket had drawn the prize. She was so happy that she was glad to escape to her own room. She carried in her hand the picture of Louis Bourcet, and did not know she held it until she put it down on her mantelpiece and saw in the mirror above it her own smiling, glowing face.

"No, Louis," she said to the picture, shaking her head solemnly, "it is not to be. I have been a fool heretofore in not saying outright that I wouldn't marry you to save your life. But now my mind is made up. Nobody can make me marry you, and I would not do it if Cartouche, the Holy Father and the Emperor all commanded me to marry you!"

Then an impish thought came into Fifi's head, for Fifi was in some respects a cruel young person. She would make Louis himself refuse to marry her and contrive so that all the blame would be visited upon the innocent Louis, while she, the wicked Fifi, would go free. In a flash it was revealed to her; it was to get rid of her hundred thousand francs. Then Louis would not marry her—and oh, rapture! Cartouche would.

"He can't refuse," thought Fifi in an ecstasy. "When I have been jilted and cruelly used, and have no money,

then I can go back to the stage, and everybody will know me as Made-moiselle Chiaramonti, granddaughter of the Pope's cousin, who won the great prize in the lottery; everybody will flock to see me, as they did the last two weeks I played; and I shall have forty francs the week, and Cartouche, and love and work and peace and Toto, and no Louis Bourcet! And how angry Julie Campionet will be!"

It was so deliciously easy to get at her money—a rip and a stitch afterward—ten thousand francs squandered before Louis Bourcet's eyes. Fifi thought the loss of the first ten thousand would rid her of her fiancé, but she knew she could never get Cartouche as long as she had even ten thousand francs left, and she realized fully that it was Cartouche that she wanted most of anything in the world. The Holy Father would probably scold her a little, but Fifi felt sure, if she could only tell the Holy Father just how she felt and how good Cartouche was, and also how odiously good Louis Bourcet was, he would forgive her.

The more Fifi thought of this scheme of getting rid of Louis Bourcet and entrapping Cartouche the more rapturous she grew. She had two ways of expressing joy and thankfulness—praying and dancing. She plumped down on her knees, and for about twenty seconds thanked God earnestly for having shown her the way to get rid of Louis Bourcet—for Fifi's prayers, like herself, were very primitive and childlike. Then, jumping up, she danced for twenty minutes, kicking as high as she could, until she finally kicked the picture of Louis Bourcet off the mantelpiece to the floor, on which it fell with a sharp crash.

Madame Bourcet, in the next room, stirred at once. Fifi again plumped down on her knees, and when Madame Bourcet opened the door Fifi was

deeply engaged in saying her prayers. Madame Bourcet shut the door softly—the noise could not have been in Fifi's room.

As soon as Madame Bourcet was again snoozing, Fifi, moving softly about, lighted her candle and wrote a letter to Cartouche.

"Cartouche, my mind is made up. This evening I promised Louis Bourcet, in Madame Bourcet's presence, to marry him. When I had done it I felt as if a load were lifted off my mind, for as soon as the words were out of my mouth I determined that nothing on earth should induce me to keep my promise. I feel that I am right, Cartouche, and I have not felt so pious for a long time. I don't know how it will be managed. I am only certain of one thing, and that is that Louis Bourcet will never become Monsieur Fifi Chiaramonti—for that is just what it would amount to, he is so good and so colorless. I am not in the least sorry for Louis. I am only sorry for myself that I have been bothered with him so long, and besides, I wish to marry some one else. Fifi."

Fifi crept into bed after writing this letter. For the first time she found the hard lump in the middle of her mattress uncomfortable.

"Never mind," thought Fifi to herself, "I shall soon be rid of it, and sleep in peace, as I haven't done since I had it."

Fifi's dreams were happy that night, and when she waked in the morning she felt a kind of dewy freshness in her heart, like the awakening of spring. It was springtime already, and as Fifi lay cosily in her little white bed she contrived joyous schemes for her own benefit, which some people might have called plotting mischief. She reasoned with herself thus:

"Fifi, you have been miserable ever since you got the odious, hateful hun-

dred thousand francs, and it was nasty of Cartouche to give you the lottery ticket. Fifi, you are not very old, but you are of the sort which does not change, and you will be Fifi as long as you live. You can not be happy away from Cartouche and the theater and Toto—unfeeling wretch that you are, to let Toto be torn from you! So the only thing to do is to return to love and work. If you spend all your money Louis Bourcet would not marry you to save your life, and then you can go back to the theater and make Cartouche marry you. Oh, how simple it is! Stupid, stupid Fifi, that you did not think of this before!" And, throbbing with happiness at the emancipation before her, Fifi rose and dressed herself. She was distracted by the riotous singing of the robins in the one solitary tree in the court-yard. Heretofore the little birds had been mute and half frozen, but this morning, in the warm spring sun, they sang in ecstasy.

Fifi not only felt different, but she actually looked so; and the blitheness which shone in her eyes when she went to ask Madame Bourcet if she might have Angéline, the sour maid-of-all-work, to go with her to the shops that morning might have awakened suspicion in most minds. But not in Madame Bourcet's. Fifi slyly let drop something about her trousseau, and Madame Bourcet hastened to say that she might take Angéline.

In a little while the two were ready to start. In her hand Fifi carried a little purse, containing twenty-one francs, and in her reticule she carried her handkerchief, her smelling-salts and ten crisp thousand-franc notes.

"How shall I ever spend it all!" she thought, with a little dismay; and then, having some curious odds and ends of sense in her pretty head, she concluded: "Oh, it is easy enough. I have often heard Cartouche say that

nobody ever yet tried to squander money who did not find a dozen helpers on every hand."

Paris is beautiful on a spring morning, with the sun shining on the splashing fountains and the steel blue river, and the streets full of cheerful-looking people. It was the first mild, soft day of March, and everybody was trying to make believe it was May. The restaurants had placed their chairs and tables out of doors, and made a brave showing of greenery with watercress and a few little radishes. Itinerant musicians were grinding away industriously, and some humorous cab-drivers had paid five centimes for a sprig of green to stick behind the ears of their patient horses. All Paris was out of doors, helping the birds and leaves to make the spring.

Fifi strolled along and found the streets almost as pleasant as the street of the Black Cat, except that she knew everybody in the street of the Black Cat and knew no one at all of all this merry throng. Her first incursion was into a chocolate shop, where she treated both herself and Angéline in a princely manner, as became a lady who had ten notes of a thousand francs to dispose of in a morning's shopping.

While they were sipping their chocolate Fifi was wondering how she could manage to leave Angéline in the lurch and slip off by herself—for Angéline might possibly make trouble for her when she came to dispensing her wealth as she privately planned. But in this, as in all things else that day, fortune favored Fifi. Afar off was heard the rataplan of a marching regiment, with the merry laughter and shuffle of feet of an accompanying crowd.

"What so easy as to get carried along with that crowd?" thought Fifi, as she ran to the door, where the proprietor and all the clerks as well as the customers were flying. It was the

day of a grand review at Longchamps, and the sight of the marching regiment, with the band ringing out in rhythmic beauty, seemed the finest thing in the world.

Fifi found herself, with very little effort on her part, pushed out on the sidewalk, and the next thing she was being swept along with the eager crowd following the soldiers. At the corner of a large street the regiment turned off toward the Champs Elysées, the crowd parted, and Fifi saw her way back clear to the chocolate shop. But staring her in the face was a magnificent furniture and bric-à-brac shop, while next it was a superb *magasin des modes* with a great window full of gowns, wraps and hats.

Here was the place for Fifi to get rid of her ten thousand francs. It seemed to Fifi as if a benignant Providence had rewarded her virtuous design by placing her just where she was; so she walked boldly into the *magasin des modes*.

The manager of the place, a handsome, showily-dressed and bejeweled woman, looked suspiciously at a young and pretty girl, arriving without maid or companion of any sort—but Fifi, bringing into play some of the arts she had learned at the Imperial Theater, sank, apparently breathless, into a seat; told of her being swept away from her companion, and offered to pay for a messenger to hunt up Angéline. Meanwhile she artlessly let out that she was Mademoiselle Chiaramonti, in search of articles for her trousseau.

Her story was well known; everybody in Paris had heard of Mademoiselle Chiaramonti, of the Imperial Theater, who had drawn the first prize in the lottery, and instantly all was curiosity to see her and alertness to attend her—except as to sending for Angéline. There was an unaccountable slowness about that, except on the

theory that it would be well to show Fifi some of the creations of the establishment before the arrival of the elder person, who might throw cold water on the prospective purchases. And then began the comedy, so often enacted in the world, of the cunning hypocrite being unconsciously the dupe of the supposed victim.

Fifi was careful to hint that her marriage was being arranged; and if anything could have added to Fifi's joy and satisfaction it was the determination on the part of the shop people to embody in her trousseau all the outlandish things they possessed. This suited Fifi exactly. Louis Bourcet was as finically particular about colors as he was about behavior, and both he and Madame Bourcet were privately determined that Fifi should go through life in brown gowns with dark green spots, like the one which had so excited her disgust in the first instance. Knowing this, Fifi concluded to administer a series of shocks in every one of her purchases, and went about to do this with a vim and thoroughness characteristic of her.

The first gown they showed her nearly made her scream with delight. It was almost enough to make Louis Bourcet break their engagement at sight. It was a costume of a staring yellow brocade, with large purple flowers on it, and was obviously intended for a woman nine feet high and three feet broad—and Fifi was but a slender twig of a girl. One huge flower covered her back, and another her chest, while three or four went around the vast skirt which trailed a yard behind. The manager put it on Fifi, while her assistants and fellow conspirators joined with her in declaring that the gown was ravishing on Fifi, which it was in a way.

Fifi paraded solemnly up and down before the large swinging mirror, surveying herself. She was a quaint ob-

ject in the great yellow and purple gown, and she knew it. Her face broke into a shower of smiles and dimples.

"It will answer my purpose exactly," she cried. This was true, as it was calculated to give Madame Bourcet, and especially Louis Bourcet, nervous convulsions.

"Show me a hat to go with it—the largest hat you have."

The hat was produced—a night-mare, equal to the yellow and purple brocade. Flowers, beads, ribbons and feathers weighed it down, but Fifi demanded more of everything to be put on it, particularly feathers. When she put the hat on, with the gown, one of the young women in the establishment gave a half shriek of something between a laugh and a scream. A look from the manager sent the culprit like a shot into the back part of the shop.

Fifi, gravely examining herself in the glass, declared she was charmed with her costume and would wear it on the day of her civil marriage. Then she demanded a cloak.

"One that would look well on a dowager empress," she said with a grand air, knowing she had ten thousand francs in her pocket.

One was produced which might have looked well on the dowager empress of China, but scarcely on an occidental. It was a stupendous stripe of red and green satin, which might have served for the gridiron on which Saint Lawrence was broiled alive. It had large sleeves, which Fifi insisted must be trimmed with heavy lace and deep fur. In a twinkling this was fastened on, and Fifi approved.

"And now a fan," she said.

Dozens of fans were produced, but none of them preposterous enough to suit Fifi's purpose and her costume. At last she compromised on a large pink one with a couple of birds of paradise on it.

Oh, what a picture was Fifi, parading up and down before the mirror, and saying to herself:

"I think this will finish him."

The amount for the costume, cloak, hat and fan was nearly two thousand francs. Fifi regretted it was not more.

"And now," she said, "some *négligées*, with rich effects; you understand."

Fifi's taste being pretty well understood in the establishment by this time, some *négligées* were produced, in which Fifi arrayed herself, and looked like a parroquet. Then came evening gowns. There was one in particular which Fifi thought might be the death of the Bourcets. It was a short, scant, diaphanous Greek costume, which was so very Greek that it could only have been worn with propriety in the days of the nymphs, the fauns and the dryads.

"This, without a petticoat, I am sure, will rid me of Louis Bourcet," thought Fifi, "but I must never let Cartouche see it, or he will kill me."

Fifi, being fatigued with her exertions—for her purchases were calculated to fatigue the eye as well as the mind, ordered the articles selected to be sent that day to Madame Bourcet's.

"And the bill, Mademoiselle?" asked the manager in a dulcet voice.

"Make it out," replied Fifi debonairly, "and I will pay it now."

There was a pause for the manager and the clerks to recover their breath, while Fifi sat quite serene. It did not take a minute for the bill to be made out, however,—four thousand, nine hundred and forty-four francs, twenty-five centimes. Fifi was cruelly disappointed; she had reckoned on getting rid of more of her money. But still this was a beginning, so she handed over five notes of a thousand francs each, and gravely counted her change: fifty-five francs, seventy-five centimes.

Then, and then only, was a message

sent after Angéline to the chocolate shop.

But Angéline could not be found. She had seen Fifi swept away, as she thought, by the crowd, and had rushed out to join her; but Fifi had no mind to be caught, and Angéline found herself flopping about wildly, shrieking at the passers-by, without any stops whatever between her words:

"Have you seen Mademoiselle Fifi Mademoiselle Chiaramonti I lost her in the chocolate shop oh what will Madame Bourcet say good people I am sure she is lost for good and a hundred thousand francs in bank and what is to be become of Monsieur Louis where *can* Mademoiselle Fifi be?" and much more of the same sort.

Fifi, however, was half a mile away, and having exhausted the resources of the shop for gowns, tripped gaily into the furniture shop next door.

Here, thought Fifi cheerfully, she would be able to make substantial progress toward getting rid of Louis Bourcet and marrying Cartouche. She saw many splendid gilt tables, chairs, divans, cabinets and the like, which she, with her limited experience in furniture buying in the street of the Black Cat, thought must be very dear: some of the most splendid pieces must cost as much as four hundred francs, thought innocent Fifi.

But it was not enough for a thing to be expensive; it must be outrageous in taste and design to be available for her purpose, and with this in view she roved around the establishment, attended by a clerk of lofty manners and a patronizing air. At last, however, she pounced upon an object worthy to be classed with the yellow and purple brocade. This was a huge, blue satin bed, with elaborate gilt posts, and cornice, vast curtains of lace as well as satin, cords, tassels, and every other species of ornament which could be fastened to a bed.

Fifi, who had never seen anything like it before, gasped in her amazement and delight, the clerk meanwhile surveying her with an air of condescending amusement.

Here was the thing to drive Louis Bourcet to madness, thought Fifi, surveying the bed rapturously. If she could once get it into the house, it would be difficult to get it out, it was so large and so complex, and so very formidable. Fifi's resolution was taken in an instant. She meant to have it if it cost a thousand francs. She rather resented the air of patronage with which the clerk explained the beauties of the bed to her. He seemed to be saying all the time:

"This is but time wasted. You can never afford anything so expensive as this."

Fifi, calling up her talents as an actress, which were not inconsiderable, accentuated her innocent and open-mouthed wonder at the size and splendor of the bed. Then, intending to make a grand stroke which would paralyze the clerk, she said coolly:

"I will give you fifteen hundred francs for this bed."

The clerk's nose went into the air.

"I have the honor to inform Mademoiselle that this bed was made with a view to purchase by the Empress, but the cost was so great that the Emperor objected and would not allow the Empress to buy it. The price is five thousand francs; no more and no less."

Fifi was secretly staggered by this, but she now regarded the clerk as an enemy to be vanquished at any price—and vengeance seemed to her cheap at five thousand francs. Fifi had a revengeful nature, which did not stop at trifles. So, after a moment's pause to recover herself, she said, still coolly:

"Well, then, the price is exorbitant, but I will take the bed."

The clerk, instead of succumbing to this, retained his composure in the most

exasperating manner. He only asked, with a shade of incredulity in his voice:

"If Mademoiselle will kindly give us the money in gold or notes it can be arranged at once."

Fifi, in the most debonair manner in the world, opened her reticule and produced five notes for a thousand francs each.

The clerk, unlike Fifi, knew nothing of the art of acting, and looked, as he was, perfectly astounded. His limp hand fell to his side, his jaw dropped open and he backed away from Fifi as if he thought she might explode. Fifi, as calm as a May zephyr, continued:

"I desire that this bed be sent between ten and two to-morrow to the address I shall give. I shall only take it on that condition."

There was method in this. Fifi had suddenly remembered that the next morning was Thursday. On that day, every week, Madame Bourcet indulged in the wild orgy of attending a lecture on mathematics delivered by her brother, the professor of mathematics, before a lyceum frequented by several elderly and mathematical ladies, like Madame Bourcet. When she was out of the house was clearly the time to get the preposterous bed in; and Fifi made her arrangements accordingly.

Nothing could have been more impressive than Fifi's studied calmness and coolness while giving directions about the bed. The clerk went after the proprietor, who could not conceal his surprise at a young lady like Fifi going about unattended, and with five thousand francs in her pocket. Fifi finally condescended to explain that she was Mademoiselle Chiaramonti. That cleared up everything. The proprietor, of course, had heard her story, and rashly and mistakenly assumed that Fifi was a little fool, but at all events, he had made a good bargain with her, and he bowed her out of the establish-

ment as if she had been a princess as well as a fool.

Once outside in the clear sunshine, Fifi was triumphant. She felt that a long step had been taken toward getting rid of Louis Bourcet. And, after all, it was just as easy to spend five thousand francs as five, if one has the money. She had spent infinitely more time and trouble over her thirty-franc cloak than over all her extraordinary purchases of the last hour.

"The gowns are frightful enough, as well as the bills," she thought to herself, walking away from the shop, "and the bed is really a crushing revelation—but it is not enough—it is not enough."

Then an inspiration came to her which brought her to a standstill.

"I must go to a monkey shop and buy a monkey—but—but I am afraid of monkeys. However—"—here Fifi felt an expansion of the soul—"when one loves, as I love Cartouche, one must be prepared for sacrifices. So I shall sacrifice myself. I shall buy a monkey."

But it is easier to say one will buy a monkey than to buy one. Fifi walked on, pondering how to make this sublime sacrifice to her affections.

The sense of freedom, the exhilaration of the spring day, made themselves felt in her blood. And then, for the first time, she also felt the berserker madness for shopping which is latent in the feminine nature. The fact that reason and common sense were to be outraged as far as possible rather added zest to the enjoyment.

"This is the real way to go shopping," thought Fifi, with delight. "Spending for the pleasure of spending—buying monkeys and everything else one fancies. It can only be done once in a blue moon; even the Empress can not do it whenever she likes."

She walked on, drinking in with delight the life and sunshine around her.

The more she reflected upon the monkey idea the finer it appeared to her. True, she was mortally afraid of a monkey, but then she was convinced that Louis Bourcet was more afraid of monkeys than she was.

"And it is for my Cartouche—and would Cartouche hesitate at making such a sacrifice for me? No! A thousand times no! And I can not do less than all for Cartouche, whom I love. It is my duty to use every means, even a monkey, to get rid of Louis Bourcet."

But where should she find a place to buy a monkey? That she could not think of, but her fertile mind suggested an expedient even better than the mere purchase of a single monkey. She stopped at one of those movable booths, wherein sat a man who did writing for those unable to write as well as they wished, or unable to write at all. The booth was plastered over with advertisements of articles for sale, but naturally no monkeys were offered.

The man in the booth, a bright-eyed cripple, looked up when Fifi tapped on the glass of the little open window.

"Monsieur," said Fifi, sweetly, "if you please, I am very anxious for a monkey—a dear little monkey, for a pet; but I do not know where to find one, and my family will not assist me in finding one. If I should pay you, say five francs, would you write an advertisement for a monkey, and let it be pasted with the other advertisements on your booth?"

"Ten francs," responded the man.

Fifi laid the ten francs down.

"Now, write in very large letters: 'Wanted—A monkey, for a lady's pet; must be well trained, and not malicious. Apply at No. 14 Rue de l'Echelle. Any person bringing a monkey will receive a franc for his trouble, if the monkey is not purchased.'"

"Do you wish any snakes or par-

rots, Mademoiselle?" asked the man, pocketing his ten francs.

"No, thank you; the monkey, I think, will answer all my purposes," responded Fifi with dignity.

It was then past noon, and Fifi, having spent a most enjoyable morning, called a fiacre and directed the cabman to take her home.

Just as she turned into the Rue de l'Echelle she heard some one calling after her:

"Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle Fifi!"

It was Angéline, very red in the face, and running after the fiacre. Fifi had it stopped and Angéline clambered in. Before she had a chance to begin the fault-finding which is the privilege of an old servant Fifi cut the ground from under her feet.

"Why did you desert me as you did, Angéline?" cried Fifi indignantly. "You saw me swept off my feet, and carried along with the crowd, and instead of following me—"

"I did not see you, Mademoiselle—it was you—"

"You left me to my fate! What might not have happened to me alone in the streets of Paris!"

"Mademoiselle has perhaps been alone in the streets of Paris before—"

"Silence, Angéline! How dare you say that I have been alone in the streets of Paris before! Your language, as well as your conduct, is intolerable!"

"I beg Mademoiselle to remember—"

"I remember nothing but that, being sent out in your charge, you basely deserted me, and you shall answer for it; I beg of you to remember that."

Angéline was reduced by this tirade to surly silence, and, not bearing in mind that Fifi was really a very clever little actress, actually thought she was in a boiling rage. Fifi was meanwhile laughing in her sleeve.

(To be continued.)

On Handling Other Persons' Belongings

BY W. J. GHENT

Author of "Our Benevolent Feudalism"

"FROM each his phrase as he forged it, to each the credit of his product," is an obligatory law, expressed in Saint-Simonian phrase, for the use of literary quotations. When Robinson borrows, to display to his friends, a curio or a work of art from Smith, the loan is made with a tacit understanding that the article shall be handled with care, and guarded from nicking, staining and soilure. A further obligation rests upon the borrower that in case the matter of ownership comes up, he shall not allege the article to be Brown's or Jones's, but shall render unto Smith full credit of title; and this obligation is to be fulfilled even at the expense of surmounting a perverse disposition or a lax and flickering memory.

With a fair degree of faithfulness the generality of mankind observes this law when borrowing material things. But, in the borrowing and handling of the intellectual belongings of another, there exists a proneness to laxity or vandalism which should not have escaped the eyes of the more pessimistic theologians. The poet who,

"Through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,"

has polished some sparkling five-worded jewel for the "stretch'd forefinger of all Time," deserves that his gem

should be displayed as he left it, and that it should be known as *his* contribution and no other person's; and the prose writer who has burned oil in compressing some evident truth into close-mouthed and felicitous phrase deserves no less. This is the writer's due, whether he be Job or Isaiah, whether Tennyson or Watson; and the rendering of what is due must rest with the individual conscience; for while the lender of a vase can compel redress for damages suffered, the writer whose "fine and filed phrases" are taken up and mutilated has little chance of redress if living and practically none if dead.

But from the growth of literary art and the piling up, during three thousand years, of an enormous literary product, the display on Time's forefinger has become a very long and sparkling string. There are so very many gems to remember. Wanting to give beauty and setting to some rougher and duller product of our own, we remove and appropriate in use another's jewel, too often scratching it in the removal. Furthermore, too often we cannot call to mind whose it is; the varied beauties fashioned by many hands dwell confusedly in our remembrance, and we render credit unto Milton for what Shakespeare gave us, or unto Pope for some product of Roman days.

The misquoting and miscrediting of good verse and prose has become so common an accomplishment that it now excites but little comment. He who has a turn for literary exactness is likely to light upon instances of this distortion any day of the week. The newspapers and orators are bad enough; but the best literary publications are not exempt from the practice. Riche-lieu's "lexicon of youth" rarely appears unqualified by "bright"; sometimes the brightness is ascribed to the dictionary and sometimes to the youth. No one can keep track of the variations of Tennyson's

"And the thoughts of men are widen'd
with the process of the suns."

The promising member of a West Virginia literary society who recently read a paper on "Woman," beginning with:

"O woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
Yet seen more oft, familiar with her
face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace,"

was but a humble follower of a prevailing tendency. Both Shakespeare and Pope suffer through their wide diffusion among all classes. The American popular magazine which some time ago credited Campbell with Byron's

"Count o'er the joys thine hours have
seen,"

did not do so badly, considering that one of the leading literary periodicals of London recently held Mrs. Browning responsible for Tennyson's

"The abysmal deeps of Personality."

An instance of the woeful consequences of trusting the memory too

well occurs in Arthur H. Smith's recent work, "Village Life in China." On page 207 Dr. Smith says:

"One is reminded of the Witch in 'Alice Behind the Looking-Glass,' where the child was hurried along on a broomstick at such a rate as to take her breath away. She thought she must be traversing illimitable space, but when this idea was communicated to the Witch, the latter only laughed, and replied that this was nothing at all, for they had to go like that to 'keep up with things,' and if they were really to get ahead to any extent, the rate of travel must be enormously faster than that."

This is all right, as Cuvier is said to have replied to the friend who defined a crab as "a small red fish that walks backward," except in each of the particulars. The name of the book is "Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There." There was no broomstick; there was no Witch, but a Red Queen; little Alice did not think she was "traversing illimitable space"; and what the Red Queen really said to Alice *after* the two had stopped to rest under the tree where they began the race was: "Now *here*, you see, it takes all the running *you* can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!"

But it is not the misusage so common among occasional writers and users of literary wares that so much surprises us as the misusage practised by those with whom literature is a profession. Many of these, one would think, would be prompted to render justice by the dread of a like mutilation of their own products, even if they were so prompted by no other motives. When Arnold, in his "On Translating Homer," makes Tennyson say:

"For all experience is an arch, where-
through

Gleams that untravelled world whose
distance fades

Forever and forever, as we gaze,"

he injures a very beautiful and striking passage. Not to speak of minor and immaterial changes, "for" should be "yet," "distance" should be "margin," and "as we gaze" should be "when I move." The first error alters the connection of the quoted lines with the preceding lines; the second destroys the definite objective vision, with its clear horizon; the "we" spoils for us the impressive personality of old Ulysses, for it is he who is doing the seeing and not we, with our more commonplace vision, that are doing it; while the substitution of "gaze" for "move" destroys the basis of the whole imaginative concept: it is as Ulysses roams farther into the theretofore untravelled regions that their margin steadily fades. No wonder that Arnold denied emphatically Spedding's claim for Tennyson of a wealth of Homeric qualities; had the critic mangled the Laureate's product much further, he would have been able to deny him the qualities even of a J. Gordon Coogler.

Mr. William Watson's poetry deserves always an exact transcription. Our most sonorous, and in many passages our most felicitous, living poet, he knows what he wants to say, and he knows how to say it. Mr. Le Gallienne, however, will not give him his due. In the latter's "Rudyard Kipling, a Criticism," recalling the lines from "The Unknown God":

"Best by remembering God, say some,
We keep our high imperial lot;
Fortune, I fear, hath oftenest come
When we forgot, when we forgot,"

he makes Mr. Watson responsible for this:

"Fortune, I think, has mainly come."

This is not doing as one would be done by. The borrower might as well have inserted a little more prose into the line and hopelessly paralyzed it. It is among the possibilities, however, that Mr. Le Gallienne has not before him the fear of any one mangling his own verse by repetition.

Lowell, we are sorry to say, is a frequent sinner in his quotations. When he trusts his memory the result is usually unfortunate. In his "Democracy and Other Addresses" the reader comes across verbal changes of Coleridge, Browning and Lovelace; in "My Study Windows," among others, of Wordsworth, Milton and Dryden. It is probable that these variations from the text are sometimes made deliberately to give present application to the matter in hand; though it is difficult to see what gain has been made in pertinency of illustration when, in "Democracy," he substitutes "wicked" and "weak" for "sensual" and "dark" in Coleridge's

"The Sensual and the Dark rebel in
vain,

Slaves by their own compulsion."

If he made alterations deliberately his shade can be assured of a poetic revenge; for the writer has seen some of this poet's best remembered lines altered, to suit a particular application, until they were scarcely recognizable.

That the memory often plays us sad tricks is an old observation. When Miss Cholmondeley, in "Red Pottage," tells us of "Swift's starling," that couldn't get out, we rub our eyes and wonder where any record is to be found of Swift sentimentalizing over a captive bird. It is not fair to rob "A Sentimental Journey" of one of its best remembered passages. Or is it possible that this wrong ascription is one of those errors for which Miss Cholmondeley is not responsible, and

which appeared only in the American edition of the novel?

Mr. Howells's conscientious carefulness makes one hesitate in pointing out a certain Shakespearian changeling that appears in one of his works. It is the "still-eyed cherubim" in his "A Traveller from Altruria." Probably he meant it so. But still-eyed cherubim would seem rather peculiar beings; and some minds will tease themselves with wondering if, in recalling the line,

"Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins,"

he did not give their eyes a mistaken attribute.

The writer has also had occasion to wonder where Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman found a certain reading from Shelley's text. In "The Nature and Elements of Poetry" appear these lines:

"Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:

What if my leaves are falling like its own!

The tumult of *its* mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone".

The reading of "its" for "thy" makes a considerable difference in the meaning. In the former the reference is to the forest, in the latter to the west wind; the latter reading is required to make clear the meaning of the last line. Mrs. Shelley, Rossetti and Dowden have "thy"; as we remember, Forman and Woodberry have it also.

Washington Irving furnishes a curious instance of a memory drawing together several filaments as though they had been, in the original, one thread. In "The Broken Heart" appears the passage: "He can shift his abode at will, and taking, as it were, the wings of the morning, can 'fly to the uttermost parts of the earth and be at

rest.'" The quotation and its introductory phrase are probably drawn from the three following biblical passages:

Psalm 139:9. If I take the wings of morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Psalm 55:6. And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest.

Acts 1:8. . . . and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

It is likely also that he had in mind Bryant's

"Take the wings
Of morning,"

with its several alternative readings about the Barcan desert and the woods

"where rolls the Oregon."

Another of Irving's quotations in the same story also parts company with the original. It is this one: "She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and 'heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.'" But in Psalm 58 we read:

Verse 4. . . . they are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear;

Verse 5. Which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely.

A prime cause of the miscrediting of quotations lies in the associating of like sentiments and expressions from different authors. Certain similarities of thought or diction in two poets gradually fuse themselves in our minds until we are as likely to attribute a memorable expression to one as to the other. Andrew Wilson, in his well-known essay, "Science and Poetry," in speaking of the stars, says: ". . . and to Byron they were 'unutterably bright.'" Byron has several apos-

trophes to the stars, including the very beautiful one in the third canto of "Childe Harold"; but if he uses this expression it is difficult to say where. It is Shelley's, and is to be found near the beginning of the fourth division of "Queen Mab":

"Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright."

Recently a critical magazine of this city, in an ambitious article on "Plagiarism, Real and Apparent," unconsciously gave several instances of this kind. "Shelley's 'Death and His Brother Sleep,'" says the writer, "has also been anticipated . . . by Drummond with

"Care-charming Sleep, son of the
sable Night,
Brother to Death."

But it happens that this is not Drummond's. With a change of "charm-ing" to "charmer" it is Daniel's. What Drummond wrote was something similar, but could hardly have furnished Shelley with his metaphor. It was:

"Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of
soft rest,
Prince whose approach peace to all
mortals brings"—

Another instance is to be found in Mr. Stedman's "The Nature and Elements of Poetry": "Wordsworth's familiar recognition," he says, "of 'the poets that never have penned their inspiration' was a just surmise." Possibly something like this is to be found somewhere in the lake poet; he was fond of ascribing usually undetected

qualities of one sort or another to his wagoners, shepherds, gardeners and miscellaneous old men. But the expression, nevertheless, is Byron's, and appears at the beginning of the fourth canto of "The Prophecy of Dante":

"Many are poets who have never
penn'd
Their inspiration, and perchance the
best."

A final instance—this time of questionable crediting—is to be found in the following sentence from the same book: "Still, even Proteus, as Virgil tells us, is capturable." So he does tell us; but the information was taken by Virgil from an older source, a book far better known to-day than the *Æneid*. To the great mass of us the ultimate prehensibility of Proteus is knowledge gained from Homer, and he should have the credit.

"Homer," says Arnold, quoting a phrase of Wordsworth's, "invariably composes 'with his eye on the object.'" A luminous sentence this, and it gives us the text for an exhortation. He who borrows for display the phrases of another should present them as their creator left them; he should glean them, not through some third or fourth medium, but from the authentic works of the author; he should, in a word, *compose with his eye on the book*. In no other way will the living or the dead get their just due; for the memory is not to be trusted—it plays too fantastic tricks. It is a vice to be shunned, this handling of other persons' intellectual belongings in a way to irritate the living, and to wring fresh groans from the

"Souls of poets dead and gone."

The Literary Guillotine

IX

The Otherwise Men

WE were speaking of the Easy Chair a short while before Mr. Howells and Mr. Alden arrived. It came about through Herford's asking this riddle: What is the difference between John Brown and Colonel Harvey? The answer was: John Brown freed the slaves at Harper's Ferry.

"There's a further difference, Herford," I said. "Another John Brown, you know, was on extremely easy terms with royalties."

"I see you have read 'Our Life in the Highlands,'" said Herford. "But let us return to our mutton."

And so we came to be speaking of the Easy Chair a short while before Mr. Howells arrived.

To be frank, we were discouraged at the results achieved by the Literary Emergency Court. That is, all of us were discouraged save Loomis.

"The amount of advertising I've got out of these proceedings," he said, unctuously rubbing his hands, "has been most gratifying. Two copies of 'Yankee Enchantments' were sold last week."

"Well, that has nothing to do with literature," said Mark Twain, impatiently. "What's the use, after all, of our disinterested efforts to purify letters? Here we've tried Davis and Bangs and Matthews and Mrs. Humphry, and we've Corellied Caine, and plucked the poetasters—but what

have we to show for it all? Next to nothing. Frightened by the pressure brought to bear upon him by the Young Ladies' Select Boarding-Schools Association of America, the Governor has released Davis on his own recognizances, while the poets proved such extremely small fry that they escaped through the bars of their cells without the least difficulty. And whom have we left?—John Kendrick Bangs! I feel as I did the day I went fishing for pickerel and caught a bull-head."

"Well, then," said Herford, "we've got one of the heads, at least, even if the hydrant's not turned off. Besides, speaking of Captain Macklin, I don't see much difference between a head without an author and an author without a head. Do you, Loomis?"

"Not when they're equally footless. However, we mustn't be disheartened. I've just had a letter from London from Clement K. Shorter saying that he and Dr. Robertson Nichol are with us, so we're all right."

"Well, there's some comfort in having omniscience behind one," said Mark Twain, more cheerfully, "even if it's only Pickwickian omniscience. Still, I'm glad that our term of service has ended, and that we shall be called upon to try no more authors for their literary crimes. Among ourselves, gentlemen, I consider the Literary Guillotine

a failure. The servant girls and editors won't stand for it."

"Richard Watson Gilder and R. U. Johnson!" announced the doorkeeper most opportunely, and the two poets entered the room. No one paid the slightest attention to them, and they sat down like dejected manuscripts. At the moment I happened to glance round, and lo! Loomis was attempting to sneak out of the room unobserved of the Centurions. Evidently he did not wish to jeopardize his chances with future contributions. Hardly were the two Centaurs seated, before R. W. drew out a paper pad and R. U. a pencil, and then began a series of whispered consultations and scribbles which foreboded ill for the subscribers to the magazine.

"No, no!" protested R. U., counting on his fingers, "you've got one too few syllables in that verse. Put in a 'so' before the adjective. That's always a good, easy plan."

"One-two, three-four, five-six, seven-eight, nine-ten," counted R. W., "that's O. K. Now for the next line."

We were witnessing at close range the manufacture of a Century plant!

"This being our last meeting, gentlemen," said Mark Twain, raising his voice to attract the attention of the two expert accountants, "I have asked, as you are aware, a number of our leading editors and guardians of letters to meet us here informally this evening to discuss the present deplorable state of literature and to suggest means for its betterment before mortification goes further. I see, though, they are late; it's ten minutes after the hour, and Howells promised to be on hand promptly at eight o'clock."

"Perhaps Bok has set up the beer," I suggested.

But my little joke was lost on Mark Twain, as he had taken up "Harper's Magazine" and turned to the Easy Chair. Here is what Silas Lapham

says in June in his advertising department: "They (our conjectures) form the atmosphere in which—most of his sympathetic readers will turn the sibylline leaves of such a book as Mr. John Bigelow's 'The Mystery of Sleep'—"

"Published by Harper & Brothers at \$1.50," interpolated Herford.

"—which—we now have from him in a new edition." Or, again, a year ago: "A question which vexed this seat of judgment (!) last month with respect to the revival of Dickens recurs in the presence of the fine new edition of Samuel Richardson's novels—"

"Published by Harper & Brothers," said Herford in monotonous voice.

"—which Professor William Lyon Phelps is editing so interestingly."

"What are the conditions from which springs," continued Mark Twain, reading from a later number, "we will say, Mr. Norris's theory of the novel? Why is Mr. Powell's democracy—"

"Published in uniform edition by Harper & Brothers."

"—less convincing to the imagination than Tolstoy's? What makes the difference between Miss Wilkins's 'Portion of Labor'—"

"Published by Harper & Brothers."

"—and, say, Hauptmann's 'Weavers'? Herford," said Mark Twain, interrupting himself to regard the interpolator under bent brows, "you are the best Greek chorus I ever knew. But what do you think is the difference between the democracy published by Harper & Brothers and that of Tolstoy?"

"Well, to judge by that article," said Herford, "I think it's a difference of Howells."

At this moment R. U. rose to his feet and cleared his throat to attract our attention.

"If your honors please," he said, "my colleague and myself have just written a sonnet which we should be pleased to present for your consideration. We make it a practice, you must

know, to write a sonnet every time we have ten minutes on our hands."

"Together?" asked Mark Twain in astonishment.

"Yes, we write alternate lines, and then at the end we toss a coin to see which one shall sign it."

"Ah, I see! You have given us the long-sought clue to your poetry. However, we can't allow this *pousse café* to be drunk aloud on an empty stomach. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentis*. But in compensation, I'll ask you a riddle. What is the difference between the Presbyterian Church and the "Century Magazine"? Can no one guess it? Well, this is it. In the case of the Presbyterian Church you subscribe once for all to infant damnation, while in the other case you do it periodically."

What might have been the result of this indiscreet riddle, it is impossible to say, had not the door opened and disclosed Mr. Howells and Mr. Alden on the threshold. Behind them stood the editor of the "Ladies Home Journal" and Mr. W. C. Brownell.

"Ah, gentlemen, you have come at last!" cried Mark Twain. "I had begun to think conscience had made cowards of you all."

"It wasn't that which detained us," said Mr. Alden, with a sly smile, secure in the knowledge that no one could accuse him of being an author; "the trouble was we couldn't get Bok through the Tenderloin."

"Mr. Alden," cried the Gentleman from Philadelphia, "how can you give currency to such a slander?"

"Oh, I didn't mean that you wanted to linger there! On the contrary, I meant that we had to make an excursion round it on your account. In that sense we couldn't get you through it."

"Ah, that's another matter!" sighed the great editor. "Gentlemen, I believe that the man cannot be too careful into whose keeping has been given the

trust and confidence of the daughters and wives of the farmers of Long Island. Why, in our press-rooms I won't even allow a fly-wheel——"

"Come, come!" interrupted Mark Twain, "we've come here to discuss tougher questions than the Tenderloin and fly-wheels, our gynecological friend here to the contrary notwithstanding."

"It's against my principle, then, to listen to such a discussion," said the previous speaker, making as though to take his hat.

"Well, Mr. Bok," said Mark Twain, soothingly, "if it's against your principal, as a matter of Curtisy we must all yield to your objections. We must all follow our principals, no matter what the Harveyest may be. Is not that true, Mr. Howells?"

"Absolutely, sir. It's the only way in which a classic can keep from starving."

"And, now," continued Mark Twain, "since we are one on the question of principal and interest, suppose we get down to business. Mr. Brownell, what have you to propose in the present crisis?"

"Mr. Clemens," said the great critic, in the delightfully non-committal, nevertheless - to - the - contrary - notwithstanding-however-although manner of his essays, "although not the editor of 'Scribner's Magazine,' nor even of Sir Humphry Davy's invention, yet I am authorized to speak for the magazine as well as for the publishing house in this matter of literature."

"Literature?" said Mark Twain. "Why, I didn't know that literature was concerned. As you yourself can testify, in this inquiry we have confined ourselves strictly to non-literary persons. Just run through the list of those whom we have tried. However, we won't quarrel about terms. What have you to say that you have not already given to a thankless world?"

"Nothing, Mr. Clemens, since I have learned that the Governor has released Davis. With Browning, I exclaim

"'God's in his heaven, all's right with the world.'"

"Tut, tut!" cried Howells, impatiently, "Davis is of no importance to literature, he doesn't publish with Harper's any longer. Let's stick to the people who count. What about Charles Waldo Haskins' 'How to Keep Household Accounts'?"

"When I was a boy many years ago up in Vermont," began Mr. Alden, quoting from the Editor's Study, "our chief literary pabulum was 'Peter Parley' and 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Our young minds——"

At this point Herford interrupted:

"You're old, Father Henry, and love to discourse

Of your knowledge of Paleontology,

Of the days when a boy in the Miocene Age—

You ought to write books on Geology."

"Well, Mr. Brownell," said Mark Twain at the close of this interruption, "it is most encouraging to find that you believe literature saved through the release of Davis, who, by the way, publishes with Scribner's, I believe. Perhaps, however, Mr. Howells has something to suggest."

"Simply this—let Davis go hang, he doesn't publish with Harper's any longer. Release Bangs from the asylum, and substitute Matthews. The Professor's books don't sell, anyhow."

"I see, Mr. Howells. Certainly no one can accuse you of not taking a practical view of literature."

"No one, sir. That's what my boss always says to me. 'Mr. Howells,' he said only the other day, 'the Easy

Chair is the best advertising medium Harper's possesses. The way you manage to ring in our books while apparently writing on matters literary, is a subject for constant wonder.' But, come, let us get back to business. What were you aiming at with this Literary Guillotine, anyhow? You didn't really hope to reform literature, did you?"

"I did, Mr. Howells, but since hearing you talk to-night, I see that we were merely saving at the spigot while it was leaking at the bung-hole."

"Speaking of bung-holes," began Mr. Alden again, "when I was a boy up in Vermont, every fall we used to make cider——"

"Mr. Clemens," excitedly cried the editor of the 'Woman's Medical Journal,' "I must protest! If this constant reference to intoxicating beverages continues, I must seek safety in flight."

On Mr. Alden's explaining, however, that his reference was to sweet cider only, the protest was withdrawn, and the discussion continued.

"It must be admitted, I think," said Mark Twain, "that this court has been extraordinarily unlucky in failing to secure a conviction in the most important cases. Our greatest blow, however, was in the acquittal of the three preachers."

"Well, I shouldn't have cared about Hillis and Van Dyke," said Mr. Howells earnestly. "But Brady's a different proposition; his last book appeared with Harper's, you know."

"And I am of the opinion," said the American Sainte-Beuve, "that Brady might easily have been spared. But Van Dyke is one of Scribner's *protégés*. Had you convicted him, I should have been forced to call out the Christian Endeavorers and the Epworth League against you. And you know they are mostly women."

"Gentlemen, you are very commercial in your views," said Bok, reprovingly. "The only one of the three

worth saving was Hillis. He's engaged to write a series of articles for the 'Journal' this year on 'Platitudes and Their Practical Uses.'"

In the excitement of the discussion R. W. and R. U. had been quite forgotten, and they had continued the production of sonnets undisturbed. Now, however, the lesser of the two evils sprang into the breach.

"Gentlemen," he said, rising and speaking in solemn manner, "if you will pardon me, I think you are forgetting the dignity of your positions. You are giving the snap away entirely too freely. Writers may be relatively important, but it's the editors, in the last analysis upon whom literature depends. We are the ones who confine it to the plane of the trite and the innocuous, who guard it from invasion by drastic, flesh-and-blood writers, such as Andrew Carnegie, with a message to deliver. Think what literature would be were it not for us! Why, only yesterday in speaking with me of the Literary Guillotine, the editor of 'Town Topics' remarked that what he objected to in the series were not the sentiments, but the personal tone, which, he said, it was always his aim to avoid."

"Isn't it strange how men differ!" said Mr. Alden. "I had a conversation on this some point with the editor of the 'Times Saturday Review,' and he asked me whether I thought it wise for him to include the reports of these trials in his advertising column, 'About Authors: What Some of Them are Saying, Writing and Planning!' He actually seemed in doubt, though, as to the authenticity of the reports."

"Oh, my! I wish my sister were here!" sighed R. W. "She always reads 'Who's Who in America and England,' so she'd set me straight on all these confusing literary matters."

"You must remember, though,"

cautioned Herford, "all is not gold that Gilders."

"True," said Brownell, "yet I just received this afternoon from my æsthetic friend, Comte de Montesquiou, a copy of some delicate little verses which, he informed me, are to appear next month in the magazine to whose director they were addressed. If you will allow me, I'll read the lines to you. Ahem!

" 'P'tite amie,
Je vous dis
Que vous regnez dans mon cœur.
Vous êtes si jolie,
P'tite amie,
Je crois que j'en meurs.' "

Poetry hath charms to soothe the savage breast, and when the reader's voice had ceased even Herford was silent.

"How beautiful!" murmured R. W. "I should so have liked to publish it in our department in Lighter Vein, but we never publish any German in that department."

"To continue," said the decuman Centurion, in a loud tone, "as I was saying, although my colleague and myself disapprove of the methods of the Literary Emergency Court, yet we are strongly in favor of the underlying idea. Something will have to be done to stem the current of literature in this country, or it will end by becoming a picture of life. This tendency to present things as they really are, I am sorry to say, is deeply implanted in the breasts of many of our otherwise very good writers. Indeed, it is seldom, since the death of E. P. Roe, that we find a writer thoroughly suited to the peculiar requirements of the 'Century.' And I assume it is the same with you, Mr. Bok?"

"Precisely, sir—only more so."

"Why, gentlemen," continued the speaker, "would you believe it, we once

commissioned one of our most approved writers to give us an article on François Villon, and he actually said in his article that Villon spent many of his evenings drinking in the Paris cabarets with ladies to whom he had never been introduced. And when we called him to account, he excused himself by saying it was true! As though truth had anything to do with it! This instance will show you the malign tendency of the writers of to-day. We are the ones to check them. My colleague and myself, as you doubtless are aware, always carefully avoid all approach to nature, and the 'Century' is the richest periodical in the world. I have given you the major and the minor premise, draw the conclusion for yourselves. We have just written a little sonnet together, 'As One Who Does Not,' and I should be happy to read it aloud to you free of charge——"

For a few moments it looked as though the meeting were going to come to a sudden end through the defection of the audience; but finally the speaker was persuaded not to carry out his threat, and quiet was restored.

"Very well," he said, folding the sonnet and putting it in his pocket, "it's your loss, not mine. But don't think you can escape for good and all—sooner or later you'll see it in the 'Century.' But it was not primarily for the purpose of reading our sonnet to you—important as that event would be—that I arose. I have a plan to propose for superseding the defunct Literary Emergency Court which I think will greatly aid us in reaching the end we all have in view—that, namely, of the emasculation of literature. First of all, let us divorce in our minds literature and business——"

"It can't be done," said Howells, earnestly.

"Well, I know it is hard, especially in Franklin Square, but, still, we must try. Now, my plan is that we, who

are the guardians of letters, band ourselves together for its effeminization, and that to this end each one of us in turn states his theory of what literature should be, so that we may have a basis on which to work. You have heard our theory: when writing of *villons*, never let them speak to a lady unIntroduced. I should be glad to hear what the others present think."

"Mr. Howells," said Mark Twain, when the speaker had resumed his seat, "you have heard the proposition just made and the trenchant definition of literature. How would your definition run?"

"How should I define literature? Well, I think I should define the highest order of fiction, as my own, somewhat in this manner: an insistence upon the unessential until the meeting of extremes. How does that strike you?"

"Excellent, Mr. Howells. You couldn't have described your own writings better had you been writing for posterity. And now, Mr. Bok."

"In all languages of which I have knowledge," said the gentleman addressed, "literature is of the feminine gender—*la littérature, die Literatur, la letteratura*, and so on. It is also feminine in Philadelphia. Moreover, unlike the W. C. T. U., no men are ever admitted. Can you beat that exposition?"

"No, Mr. Bok, I'll admit we can't. Its the recipe of the old Godey's Lady Book brought up to date. And you, Mr. Alden, what is your definition?"

"When I was a boy up in Vermont," was the seemingly disconnected reply, "I had much time for thinking out definitions. Among others, I formulated at that time my definition of literature and wrote it down. Unfortunately it's at the office of the magazine, or I should read it to you. I always read it every morning, so as to keep it fresh in mind. For the moment I can't

recall it, but of one thing you may rest assured: I haven't changed it one iota from that day to this."

"Humph!" said Mark Twain, "side-lights on the progress of American literature. Herford, haven't you any theories?"

"No, not exactly. I've got a couple of definitions here in rhyme, though, that might pass as theories."

"Well, let's have 'em. Anything for variety."

"This is the definition of a poet," said Herford, reading from the only cuff he had on:

"A poet's *fit non nascitur*,
Which shows he's epileptic;
And getting meagre nurriture,
He's usually dyspeptic.
P.S.—That is, unless he be, like you,
An editor and poet, too."

The last words were addressed directly to R. U., whose countenance never for a moment lost the preternaturally solemn expression which it assumed at all mention of poetry.

"That's pretty good, Herford. Have you any more?"

"Yes, I've got one on a critic, if I could only remember where I wrote it. Oh, yes, it's on my shirt!"

Thereupon Herford unbuttoned his waistcoat and read the following lines, which were written diagonally across the bosom of his shirt:

"A critic is a man who can't
Create himself, and hence
He says that other people shan't—
He's not without some sense.
P. S.—Exceptions to line four must be,
Of course, the present company."

"Well, Herford," said Mark Twain approvingly, "I consider that you have

contributed more than any one else toward clearing up the subject. Indeed, I think, gentlemen, we may safely say that at last we have a working formula to guide our association in its arduous task. Further, we have learned one thing, at least, from the proceedings of the Literary Emergency Court, barren as they have been in the main, and that is that we can hope to accomplish little by public and official action. Our true line lies in private endeavor. Therefore, let us all and sundry return to our desks, editorial or otherwise, and continue our labors as heretofore. Herford and I, you may rest assured, will do our share; and to judge from the past, I feel confident we may safely count on your coöperation. *La littérature*, may it never, even for an instant, become *le littérature!* The meeting is at an end, gentlemen. Surely, there remains nothing unsaid."

Thereupon good-nights were exchanged, and congratulations that the Guillotine had ceased operations, and the six editors turned to leave the room. As Bok reached the door he narrowly missed collision with a messenger who was hurrying in with a letter.

"The presiding judge of the Literary Emergency Court?" inquired the boy of Mark Twain.

"That was my title. Give me the letter."

Opening it, he ran his eyes across the paper, and then, with a smile, he handed it to me. This is what I read:

"If you insist on arresting me, I can be found any day before five P.M. at Columbia University, or evenings at home. Also on Saturdays at the offices of 'The Bookman.' Reply by messenger. H. T. P.

"P. S.—I think I can inform you of the hiding-place of Our Lady of the Breeches."

Jack London: An Interview

BY FANNIE K. HAMILTON

JACK London is a genius unspoiled in the making. And the making is uncommonly stirring history—the story of a young, ardent, highly sensitive nature going forth with high courage and ideals to meet fate on equal terms. There is no call for pathos, for such qualities reach higher, yet the heart quickens over this out-of-the-age boy who, when only nine, started in single-handed to conquer circumstance. Fifteen years of life in its sterner phases, intrepidly met, conquered, and the lessons applied unflinchingly are basic elements of that force and poise which distinguish Mr. London. It was character building of the heroic type, the more remarkable that, being his own godfather, literary and otherwise, he might at any moment have shirked his destiny. Great of mind, strong-hearted, of deep conviction and deep feeling, the problems of life have stirred him profoundly, yet always toward a sound and broad philosophy. The healthy and soul-bracing sentiments of his books are realities in the man. While he must necessarily have suffered disillusion, his faith in men and motives is as fine and compelling as ever. He has lived, and has known the shadows and the tragedies, yet they have not altered his perspective. Out of the odds he has brought abiding faith in truth and beauty. Simple, tender, loyal, as human as a child, a hint of diffidence and deference mingling in a singular charm of man-

ner, with no complexities, no affectations, but a curious and unmistakable impression of power reaching through and above everything, there is something about this young man that strikes home. You feel that here is indeed "one more that counts."

When a man has won fame at twenty-eight people want to know how he did it. Wherever his inspiration reaches, rises also the hope that it might be contagious did one but know the ins and outs. In Mr. London's case these have the variegated excitation of the new and the strange, for he broke trail from the starting point to success. Untrained and inexperienced, far from the great publishing centres, with no one to give him advice, and knowing no one who had ever written anything or tried to publish anything, he sat down and wrote in order to gain an experience of his own. Authorship on its own account made little appeal to him. The attraction lay in the supposed rewards of literature. Mr. London says he developed whatever mental power he had, to meet an economic situation.

"I had many liabilities and no assets, no income, and several mouths to feed. I had tried everywhere for work without finding any—this was after my return from the Klondike. So I buckled on the harness and went up against the magazines, for I had heard they paid ten dollars per thousand words. This seemed a safe and sure

income, my sanguine outlook including neither the machine-like regularity of returned manuscripts nor the fluctuation of prices."

This was four years ago when the name of Jack London was unknown. To-day he is a celebrity, a young literary giant with an established reputation on two continents, and for once the critics are unanimous in distinguishing literature from prose. Mr. London himself sees in this only the ultimate verification of his tenets of hard work and system. He fights shy of the word genius personally applied. "Work," he says, "will carry a man anywhere. The four great things are, Good Health, Work, a Philosophy of Life, and Sincerity. With these you may cleave to greatness and sit among the giants."

Mr. London's California home, high up in the Piedmont hills, is at the end of a trail winding through a most romantic and beautiful country. The bungalow, deep-verandaed and vine-shaded, looks down upon a superb panorama, across great sweeps of plain and mountain and wooded steeps, to Oakland, flattened and remote, a mere fringe of green-shored city at the base of the foot-hills, and afar across San Francisco Bay to the Golden Gate and the Pacific Ocean.

Here in this open-air sitting-room, around which sings and sighs the drowsy music of the woods, one may find Mr. London at leisure on Wednesday afternoons. He is one of the most approachable of men, unconventional, responsive and genuine, with a warmth of hospitality which places the visitor on the immediate footing of a friend. In fact, Jack London, boyish, noble and lovable, is made up of qualities that reach straight for the heart.

To the suggestion that the public would like to know something of the man as well as the author, Mr. London replied, smoking incessantly the while

at the long brown cigarettes which he rolls deftly with one hand:

"There is very little to tell. Somehow, the things that count don't get into words.

"I was born in San Francisco in 1876. Almost the first things I realized were responsibilities. I was wage-earner as ranch hand long before I was nine, when my mother moved to Oakland, where I worked as newsboy. After that I went with the oyster pirates and salmon fishermen along the Sacramento River. Some of these men were Greeks. The life was eventful, but strange and hard; the men, some of them, cutthroats. The San Francisco waterfront holds many phases of life and romance and danger.

"After a year or two I shipped as common sailor and went to Japan. When I came back I entered a cotton mill where I worked from five in the morning until eleven at night. I had been to school some and had written compositions which had been praised—the usual thing, you know.

"One day the 'San Francisco Call' offered three prizes for descriptive writing. My mother wanted me to try, and I did so, sending 'A Japanese Typhoon,' from actual experience, which took first prize. I began immediately to think of the 'emoluments of literature,' so I wrote gush and offered it to the 'Call,' which took some of it. This was when I was seventeen or eighteen.

"In my nineteenth year I started in at High School. I went one year, then had to leave. Having no money I couldn't keep on. After a while, in three months' cramming by myself, I took the three years' work for that time and entered the University of California as a Freshman. But I had no one to help me and was forced to quit at the end of half a year. This was in '96. I hated to give up the hope of a University education, so I

tried more writing. This was the only time when I really worked because I loved it. I got up early in the morning and sat up late at night. Now it is only work—just like any other business."

Mr. London paused and looked off over the hills, meditatively.

"It was florid stuff," he resumed, quietly. "It makes me laugh to think of it. I matured late, mentally. Ignorance held me with a wholesale grip."

"But your present style is a marvel of conciseness and strength, Mr. London."

"Any style I may have has been acquired by sweat. . . . Well, in '97 I started for the Klondike, prospecting. I had no intention of writing. I took no notes. But it was there I found myself. In the Klondike nobody talks. Everybody thinks. You do your thirty miles a day and your thoughts are at work."

"Life there is simple, elemental. You get your true perspective. I got mine. I began to analyze. I had been there a year, part of the time in Dawson, although my headquarters-camp was on Split-Up Island, Stewart River. I was going in for a second year, and was at Stewart River ten days, waiting for the river to break up, but scurvy broke out and the people were not allowed to go in."

"I came back to California in the fall, facing the same old problem. As I have told you, I was unsuccessful in my search for work. Then I thought seriously of trying writing. I didn't know how to get a hearing. I didn't know what an editor looked like. There was no one to give me a tip, but I had at least learned not to gush. I knew my chance lay in the East. I wrote and sent out the nine stories afterwards collected in 'The Son of the Wolf.' Eight of them came back to me. I wouldn't have known there

were editors; not a personal word, only a printed slip. I put the parcel in the mail and the machine sent it back.

"All the time I clung to my idea of ten dollars per thousand words. Finally a story was accepted by a California magazine. I could hardly bear to open the sacred letter containing the written words of an editor. At last I broke the seal, and only extreme ruggedness of soul kept me from expiring right there. The editor wrote coldly that my story was available, and that they would pay me for it the sum of five dollars!

"It was a blow, but soon after 'The Black Cat' offered me forty dollars for three thousand words which revived my belief in the ten dollar theory. After that things took a turn, and I shall probably not have to shovel coal for a living for some time to come, although I have done it and could do it again."

Truly the "things that count" do not get into Mr. London's modest words about himself. Nothing of the scathing experience of a sensitive child exposed to rough and bitter influences, nothing of the unaided struggle with adverse circumstance, little of the life at first hand which developed bare and stern, shorn of illusion and enthusiasm. But something of all this one reads in the fine lines about the eyes—weary lines which do not belong there at twenty-eight—something also in certain tones of the voice, and in the expression, intense and somewhat sad as well as thoughtful. Mr. London radiates courage and intensity of purpose, but experience, as well as sheer grasp of mind, tends to make life a serious thing to him. Given his temperament and deep nature, fictitious values are impossible. He is primitive, free and unhackneyed. Almost unconsciously one associates him with one of his own characters who

"loved, feared, hated, was angered or made happy in common and unmistakable terms. He was amazingly simple with no one-thousand-and-one ramifications to every single emotion he experienced. He knew precisely what he meant." And, above all, one recalls in this connection the last paragraph, "This sort of nature has its charm after civilization's fitful fever."

When Mr. London went to Klondike he stood at the parting of the ways, for he had given his years and was balancing results. All previous views and impressions settled and crystallized under the powerful spell of that deadly frozen silence. The strange and savage beauty of the Yukon country, its grandeur and remoteness, its tragic and unhesitating acceptance of primeval justice and conditions sank into the soul of this young man and touched his genius to fire. He has set forth exactly the life of men and things under that terrible Arctic circle where life and death laugh and sing together.

Mr. London writes relentlessly and without poetizing because such is the demand of truth. Yet at heart he is a poet. When his stories were spoken of as sad, he replied, "Well, life is sad." But asked what he would do if he could choose, he said with a sudden flash of expression, "I would write essays and poems if I had not to think of ways and means."

"I like best of anything I have written, 'The League of the Old Men,' but other people don't like it. They want brighter and more cheerful things.

"At present I am at work upon a novel, a sea story, but I can never utterly forsake the Klondike. I am very fond of the water, and am planning a trip to the South Seas. I have recently returned from England, where I made some East End studies, putting in two months there. I also spent some time in Kent, picking hops."

This recalled the fact that in 1894

Mr. London tramped ten thousand miles through the United States and Canada in the course of sociologic investigations. Literature pure and simple is to him a profession, only. But sociology is his enthusiasm and fad. Conversing of that his face lights up and he becomes animated. He even argues and explains. He says if money were plenty he would found and edit a Socialist magazine. "Before I took that tramp across the United States I loved hard work, loved to do it, wanted to throw myself into it, fairly gloried in manual labor. I accomplished more than I was paid for or expected to do, from sheer love of it. In Buffalo I was arrested and thrown into jail as a tramp; my hair was clipped, and I was subjected to the regular tramp routine. There I saw that the workman was simply in the social pit; was literally holding on to the sides with his hands, and I resolved then and there never to work again manually, for in that way man gets beneath the capitalist. From that day I was a socialist."

"You believe in leveling, then?"

"Yes, in leveling up!"

"But the thing is impossible."

"So they said in France, yet the French Revolution took place."

Mr. London's sympathy with the entire under side of life has been called the finest quality in his writings. This warm, generous atmosphere extends to, and flows over and about, the tramp and all his brethren.

"Don't talk to me of tendencies," he said. "You can make them educative and not perverting if you choose. And one has no right to argue while sitting with folded hands."

Mr. London composes slowly, turning out about four thousand words a week. This he does systematically, for he doesn't believe in loafing and waiting for inspiration.

"Light out after it with a club," is

his practical advice, and if you don't get it you will nevertheless get something that looks remarkably like it."

Mr. London has a wife and two pretty babies of whom he is very proud and fond. His home is the ideal abode of a poet. The whole place overflows with hospitality, breathes freedom, and is artistic and inviting. The big, cheerful rooms have the sweet, fresh smell of the woodland. The entire interior finish is of redwood, the floors covered with rugs deep and soft as velvet, the walls hung with pictures and trophies, and everywhere are odd souvenirs of the Klondike. Comfortable lounging places and nooks beguile one to the luxurious and continued idleness

which is the peculiar seduction of the dreamy Pacific. There are fireplaces for damp weather, a piano, and great crystal-clear windows, framed in swaying trumpet vines, that look out over countless miles of what the Californian believes to be the finest country in the world, overarched by a canopy of the softest, deepest, tenderest blue.

"I have adaptability and can endure cities," said Mr. London, with a gesture toward the horizon, "but this suits me better. I like room."

And as I went down the trail in the deepening twilight, and turned for a last wave of farewell from the big, handsome, warm-hearted boy, I felt that room did indeed suit him best.

'Tis Not the Dress

BY HENRY PEABODY

BOOKS are like people; some have grace,
Some clothed in rich attire,
While others, dull and plain of face,
Within have hearts of fire.

'Tis not the dress proclaims the book;
Though writ on Fame's great scroll,
One must within the pages look
To find the heart and soul.

Concerning Correct Speech

BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

O H why should the spirit
Of Grammar be proud
With such a wide margin
Of language allowed?

Of course there's a limit—
"I knowed" and "I've saw,"
"I seen" and "I done it,"
Are rather too raw;

But then there are others
No better than they
One hears in the talking
He hears every day.

"Where at?" asks one person,
Quite thoughtless. And: "Who,"
Asks another, "did Mary
Give that bonnet to?"

Hear a maid as she twitters:
"Oh, yes, I went out
With she and her fellow
In his runabout."

And hear a man saying:
"Between you and I,
That block of Pacific
Would make a good buy."

And this from a mother,
Too kind, to her boy:
"I had rather you shouldn't
Do things to annoy."

And this from a student,
Concerning a show,
Who says to the maiden:
"Let's you and I go."

There's lots of good people,
That's talking like that,
Who should learn from we critics
To know where they're at.

Reading Sauce

BY BERT LESTON TAYLOR

Author of "The Bilioustine"

Latest Omar Paraphrases

M ESSRS. Hard, Attit and Company, publishers for the Master-piece Degrading Society, announce half a dozen more paraphrases of Fitzgerald's Omar for early publication. The first, which is already on the market, is by Mr. William Parsnips, and is titled "Omar for Green-grocers." Mr. Parsnips, true to the principles and methods of the M. D. S., has preserved the spirit of the original, and as much of the letter as possible. Of course "wine" becomes "ginger pop," "loaf of bread" becomes "box of breakfast food," "tavern" becomes "grocery," "fill the cup" becomes "fill the kerosene can," and so on; while the line, "Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go," is printed in capitals. Otherwise the quatrains stand as they have always stood, and they have stood a great deal. The titles of the other Omars in press are as follows:

"Omar for Tinsmiths,"

"Omar for Gasfitters,"

"Omar for Lady Cracker Packers," *

"Omar for Blacksmiths,"

"Omar for Life Insurance Agents."

* This is not expected to conflict with Josephine Daskam's "Omar for Ladies."

Literary Notes

By request, Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts has eliminated the explosive initials in his name, and will hereafter be known as Charles Roberts.

Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam! has also consented to abolish both the Dodge and the exclamation point, and now signs herself Josephine Daskam.

Mr. John Burroughs says he will write the introduction to Mr. Ernest Seton's next book of animal stories. Mr. Seton says he won't.

Miss Carolyn Wells, the Rahway Wonder, is making her annual pilgrimage to Limerick.

A Remedy for Overproduction

I enjoyed a short chat recently with Col. George Sellers, the Literary Plunger, and was much impressed by his plan for remedying the evil of overproduction.

"Anything new?" I asked; for there usually was.

"No," he replied; "that is, nothing much. I have annexed two more small publishing houses and picked up a pair of ten-cent magazines; but they hardly count, as they employed few hands."

"What shall you do with them?" I inquired.

"Dismantle them," was the prompt response.

"But see here," said I, "if you keep on buying literary works only to dismantle them, where—pardon the vernacular—do you get off? It was only a little while ago that you paid a fancy price for a large Irish dialect factory, which proceeded immediately to shut down."

"At my orders," said Colonel Sellers. "I need not remind you," he went on, "that the main evil in the publishing business is overproduction. There are too many books, too many magazines, too many illustrated weeklies, too many writers—overproduction all along the line. Why, take the item of books alone. I publish a book on, say, Monday. By Wednesday I have forgotten the name of it; by Saturday, if inquiry is made concerning it, I have to send out a tracer."

"You have a remedy," I ventured.

"While others theorize," replied Colonel Sellers, "I act. I buy anything on the market, and then either dismantle it or change the nature of the output. Thus if I purchase a sporting magazine I reform it into a religious monthly; result, elimination. That's my process—elimination. I expect, in another year or so, to reduce the literary outpoint to a point where publishing may be conducted at a profit."

"But isn't that rather expensive?" said I. "Are you in business for your health?"

The Colonel smiled pensively.

"My health is not at all good," he replied. "I have been 'coughing' for some time."

Thought Bulbs—II

(Being a few more leaves from the garden book of *Gardenia Smart Weed*, author of "*Soul Wistaria*," "*Gardens I Have Thought In*," etc.)

SUMMER

"Summer is beautiful!" I thought to-day, and made a note of it in my commonplace book. I love Summer! It is so mature, so placid. Past is the strenuous Spring of youth, the long days spent in pushing through the soil and battling for a share of air and sunlight. Now there is naught to do but to unmask one's beauty to the sun. "Is it not so?" I whispered Poppycock (*Poppycockus literatus*); and Poppycock, blushing, nodded her beautiful head. My flowers have no secrets from me. I read their very souls.

Constantly I recur to the thought of the souls of flowers. What becomes of a plant after death? Can a radish attain immortality? It must be so, as Cato said. Or was it Dido? I think it was Cato.

See that no wild oats gain entrance to your garden. Evil communications corrupt good manners.

What magic in the very names of flowers! Cow Parsnip always brings up for me a glimmering landscape, with lowing herds winding slowly o'er the lea. Red-hot Poker Plant (often I have wondered why) makes me think of Fire Island; and I always associate the Wallflower with lights and music and the mazy dance. Isn't it curious?

I just found a nasty black beetle crawling over *Madame Lemoine*. Ugh! Yet how like our own life! The black beetle of Discontent feeds, with beetle-browse, on the damask cheek of Happiness, and slowly but surely gnaws a rift within the lute. It is very depressing.

After planting a bulb—how I love bulbs!—mark the spot with a white stone. Then, if the young idea does not shoot within the allotted time, dig up the bulb and make certain that it is growing in the right direction. Many put their bulbs in the ground head downward, and then complain because

the plants do not appear. But China is not to be reached in a day—not even by China asters.

What, I thought this morning while watering *Marie Legray*, is the lesson of the Eviction from the First Garden? This: that if Eve's thoughts had been always of her garden there would have been no idle moments for the Tempter to improve. Is there not a thought in this for the modern Eve?

Next Summer I shall have a Browning garden. I love Browning. I shall plant my favorite lines with *Narcissus poeticus*, and thus shall they bloom constantly before my eyes.

Wildflowers should be transplanted as soon as they appear. Much may be made of a wildflower if it be caught young.

It is not enough to think of one's garden only when one is in it. One should think of it all the time. Last night I could not sleep for thinking, and I wondered whether flowers, too, are sometimes troubled with insomnia. For some days past, to my watchful eyes, *Yucca filamentosa* had seemed worn and wan. Could it be loss of sleep? I rose and dressed, took my guitar, and went into the garden. The moon was up: it was a perfect night for a serenade. To-day, to my great joy, *Yucca* seems fresh and bright.

How old the stones are! And yet how young! Age cannot wither them; youth cannot rob them of their antiquity. Such thoughts always leave me serious—a little sad even. Ah me!

Shakespeare in Braid Scots

(Through the courtesy of Mr. Andrew Carnegie I am able to present a few excerpts from the Braid Scots version of "Hamlet," with which entertainment Mr. Carnegie's endowed American theatre is to be dedicated. The rendering is the work of Profes-

sor F. Haddie, of the University of John-o'-Groat's. Inspired by the success of "The New Testament in Braid Scots," Professor Haddie has undertaken to translate the plays of Shakespeare into the same lilting language. What I have seen appears excellent work, although my friend, Mr. Donald MacFush, of Toronto, whose appreciation I solicited, advises me that there are many "bad breaks" in it. It occurs to me that bad breaks must be expected from excerpts, which do not permit of continuous narrative—a point which Mr. MacFush seems to have overlooked.)

ACT I.—SCENE 4.

Ham. 'Tis sair cauld, ah'm thinkin'.

Hor. Ay, ma neb's bew.

Ham. Whit's the hour?

Hor. It's wantin' twal.

Mar. Nae, 'tis strickit.

Hor. Ye've gude ears, Marcellus. Aweel, bide a wee. The bogle wull coom. (*Flourish of trumpets and shot within.*) Whit's wrang, ma laird?

Ham. The king's drouthie the night, an' as he drins his coop o' Rhenish doon the kittledroom an' swech mak' muckle ado. The king, ah'm thinkin', wull be fu'fou belyve.

Hor. Is't a coostom?

Ham. Ay, is it.

ACT I.—SCENE 5.

Mar. Laird Hahmlet!

Hor. Heeven be wi' him!

Ham. Aweel.

Mar. Hoots, toots, ma laird!

Ham. Hoots, toots, callant! Coom, burdie, coom.

Hor. Whit news, ma laird?

Ham. Och! uncos.

Hor. Gude, ma laird, Tell't.

Ham. Nae, ye'll let bug if ah tell't.

Hor. Ah'll nae let bug, ma laird.

Mar. Ah'm doom, ma laird.

Ham. Cross yer hert?

Mar. Ay, cross ma hert, ma laird.

Ham. Aweel, aweel. Whisht! There's nae veelain in a' Denmark but he's a leean knave. D'ye ken that?

Hor. Ay (to *Marcellus*). He's daft, ah'm thinkin'.

ACT III.—SCENE 2.

Ham. D'ye ken yon clud—the yin that's unco like a cahmel?

Pol. Ay. 'tis suspiciously like a cahmel.

Ham. Ah'm thinkin' it's a weasel.

Pol. It ha' whuskers like a weasel.

Ham. Ah'm thinkin' aiblins it's a whale.

Pol. Ay, it ha' the neb o' a whale.

Ham. Aweel, aweel. Ah'll coom to ma mither the morn.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

First Clo. Gie me leeve. Here bides the watter; gude. Here bides the mon; gude. Gif the mon gae to the watter an' droon hissel', ay, wully nully, he gaes. D'ye ken that? But gif the watter coom to him an' droon him, he

droons no hissel'. Argyle, the mon isna geelty o' his ain deid.

Sec. Clo. Havers, mon! Is this law?

First Clo. Ay, 'tis crooner's queest law.

Ham. Hoo lang ha' ye howked graffs, mon?

First Clo. Och! langsyne; ay, auld langsyne.

Ham. An' hoo lang's auld langsyne?

First Clo. Tush! ony fule kens that; e'en the dementit laddie Hahmlet, him that gaed to England.

Hor. The loon wad mak' a geck o' ye, ma laird. Ding him yin on the neb!

Ham. Whisht! whisht! (to *Clown*).

Ay. An' whit wey did Hahmlet gae to England?

First Clo. He wis daft—daft's a hatter.

Ham. Ay. An' hoo cam' he daft?

First Clo. Ye'll no' let bug?

Ham. Nae; cross ma hert.

First Clo. He gaed daft from tinin' his wits. 'Tis toon clash.

Hor. Hoots, toots, ma laird! Ding the loon yince! 'Twill dae him gude!

Ham. Whisht!

An Unforgotten Spot

BY CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

I NEVER raised a stone to show
The World where dead Hope lies;
And never sought my feet to go
Back where I closed his eyes.

No mound, no flower, above his face;
No path to where he sleeps.
But, oh! my heart it knows the place,
It knows, and, knowing weeps!

Letters from Editors to a Literary Aspirant

BY THE "LITERARY ASPIRANT"

FOR centuries the world of letters has accepted without dispute the gist of the proverb that "poets are born, not made." Occasionally a prophet has arisen to declare that, after poets are born, somebody has to nourish them. And every bud-like poet in the range of that echo straightway lifts his voice to whimper that, after the sap of rhyme began to stir within his soul, there was nobody to unfold the petals of his song-blossoms, and no sweet winds of comfort to cheer him into the blush of success. But during the last two years I have been saving up some evidences to prove that most budding poets are liars. There is a very tender hand always ready to give the bottle to the infant pilgrim on the slope of Parnassus, and to rock the cradle of song—not to sleep, as is made the burden of the youthful rhymers' nightmares, but into a wakefulness whereby they may behold themselves, their foibles, their faults and the failures of their art, together with an insight into the use of remedies that might correct them. And who are these kind tutors? None other than the very editors, who are the stone walls against whom the bombardment of sonnets and rondelays and epics and tercets and short stories and long stories is mercilessly directed year in and year out. For obvious reasons I cannot divulge my personality, but

to add a little weight to my experience and the relation of it, I may insert a few facts to show that my struggle in the field of letters is not different from that of the average aspirant. I made my start and have continued to reside in a country town in the inland, five hundred miles from New York. I never made but one visit to the heart of the literary centres of the East, and when I did go on to the Metropolis, I did not visit a single editor except those to whom I had previously sold verse or fiction. I never carried a manuscript into any editorial department in the hope of making personal acquaintance—ship an influence in its sale. Neither did I ever employ the medium of the literary agent; I desired personal touch with the editors whom I hoped to please, and whatever help might come from them through correspondence. Adhering to these simple rules, and writing as best I have known how, I have succeeded in placing verse and fiction with "Harper's Monthly," "Atlantic Monthly," "The Smart Set," "Ainslee's Magazine," "The Munsey," "Success," "The Youth's Companion," "Leslie's Monthly," "Everybody's Magazine," "Lippincott's Magazine," "The Era," "Life," "Judge," "Outing," "The Metropolitan Magazine," "Collier's Weekly," "The Delineator," and almost all the minor publications that are worth attention from the au-

thor's standpoint. Some aspirants have made their influence felt by doing something of distinct power and moment in one publication alone, but that has not been my good fortune. I have been using the shot-gun, and denting many targets, instead of breaching the walls with one catapultic shot from a siege-gun. Yet, there is method in my apparent folly. I wrote epics to start with—and I now use the reverse side of the manuscripts for the first drafts of sonnets and sketches! The kind editors who were unfortunate enough to receive those ambitious failures of mine right then and there gave the starving hunger of poesy in me a drink from the bottle, and also gave the cradle of my song a rather rude shaking. So that I awoke to myself. They said: "Put your epics in quatrains." That is just what I have been striving to do. Not because I admire quatrains, but because I hope to build up from the four-line versicle to the power that will enable me to make my song one with an echo. It cannot be that I sell these little things for the money I receive; for I believe that had I devoted during the last two years the same patience and care in any other field I should now be receiving twice as much remuneration. It cannot be that I merely thirst for the publicity of print, because I refuse to make donations of my wares. No; I try to place them where the effect will be more the outcome of appreciation from editors than readers—in the hope of entering at some future time that arena where poetry is a power, whether it is prose or verse, and where the pen has a loud, very loud voice in the progress of the world. Let us see how the editors have tutored this ambition.

I have selected some two hundred letters, written from the editorial dens, to illustrate my purpose. In order to prove that these letters and aids have not been sent to me in the hope of flat-

tery, I have made choice of these epistles, without a single exception, from "rejections." Without exception, also, they come from publication houses which pay for what they print, and all of them are well-known monthlies and weeklies, exerting influence in the literature of the day.

Obscurity has been my besetting sin. Touching on this point one editor wrote: "This poem is a little long and a little obscure. This seems to be the trouble with your verses. We note magazines that like that sort of thing, but 'The ——' wants everything as clear as the noon-day sun. We would rather sacrifice 'poetry' than clearness."

Another editor complains about the application of a word that I had used thus: "This poem is really very fine, but I do not like the word 'wuzzy,' because we cannot find it in the dictionary, and we have to be very careful about this." It is needless to add that "wuzzy" did not appear in that poem when it next went forth from me.

I made a brave effort to win success with a New York editor whose genial countenance is among those published in "Success" for May as a leader of his type. In one letter he wrote, referring to a poem: "It is very happy in thought, but, I think, is written with less than your usual facility, the effects appearing a little forced. I am going to ask you if you will not send me something a little more simple than you have sent lately. I find the readers of the magazine prefer verse that is unaffected, yet dignified, to that where the meaning is rather elusive. It is a pleasure to me to see your work, even if my business instinct leads me to ask for something rather different." Writing again of a short story, he makes this critique: "In 'The ——' you have what I consider the nucleus of a good story. It is rather weak in the beginning, and would pay if some time

and the pruning knife were given to it. From the middle to the end of the story it gains in strength with every page. Get another opinion on it before you touch it, and see if it agrees with mine." I have, I believe, more than the average confidence in the editors' judgment of what is available matter, and so, using the pruning knife at once on the story, it went forth to the light of print.

Once in a while I have seemed to please an editor whom I was trying hard to please, not with the offerings I made to him, but with what some rival editor was getting—I have found that my judgment of my own work is wretchedly poor. One letter runs in this strain: "I seem to be most unfortunate in regard to your poems; some that I see *elsewhere* I would much like to have—human nature, is it not?—but in those that come to me there seems to be always something lacking. I assure you it is not want of appreciation; I am looking forward to the time when I seem to strike the right note." When I, after that, seemed to my own heart and ear to have struck the chords of "human nature," I gave that editor a chance to see the result, for he gave me the hint very clearly; and my name has appeared in his publication, and will again! Another editor, after he had rejected many offerings, wrote, sending me solace for my many wounds, and concluding with this significant paragraph: "Your work is such that we have every reason to believe that if you were to give our magazine a careful study you *could* do much for us. We see your work frequently elsewhere (and, pardon us, we do not seem to receive offerings for consideration quite up to their standard!)." That made me wince. That publication was one in which I especially desired to appear. I had read every issue of it since the month it was born! My failure was simply the blight of my poor judgment again.

So I wrote to him; I tempted him with what I considered my best, and as a result of patience I am filling a few chinks in the make-up of his magazine for the year.

One day there came to me a letter from a widely known monthly which opened the way to some of my better work, and a correspondence that has been one of the best teachers of my career. Of course it came with a rejected manuscript, and included this passage: "We do not seem to care for '—.' You are quite a puzzling problem to us in the way of a writer. You certainly have very valuable raw material in you; and if in some way it could be whipped into shape, we think you would prove a valuable man, not only for any magazine, but for literature. It has just occurred to us that perhaps some day you might be in New York, and that you might call here and we could have a long conversation relative to what we want and what you might possibly do for us." I confessed this criticism candidly to another editor, who added this terse opinion to it: "I quite agree with the opinion of the editor you quote. I don't know whether it is a ball and chain, or a club that is needed."

After some delay, and receiving several other invitations from the editors of New York to visit them personally, I ventured to go East. For two weeks I was tutored personally by these men at their desks. They gave me all the insight possible into their needs and their limitations. They allowed me, many of them, to look over the accepted material; they showed me the stacks of rejected manuscripts going home to disconsolate young poets and story tellers; they impressed me with the magnitude of the toil and patience I had undertaken in entering the field of letters; they encouraged me to persevere, and promised me some of the glory of it in the end. I returned

home, blessing all editors in general, determined to do the best I could, but stunned by the obstacles I saw I had to surmount. As I look back now, I know that had I gone to New York and learned, before I started to write, what I found to be true after I had made a beginning, I never should have had the heart to step into the arena and throw down the gauntlet to all the heart-breaks and discouragements that are stored up for the bud of literary hope. The editors who had first mentioned my trip to New York were especially attentive to me while in the city, together with the editor of another prominent monthly who was running a series of prose sketches of mine. Shortly after my return home the former began to drill me, giving detailed criticism, so helpful that I should in all justice have paid for it at space rates. One epistle contained this: "Of course we are sorry that we cannot use the poems enclosed; but now that we know you better, we feel that we might presume to make direct criticism on these verses. Two of them are obscure, and that is our main contention. We may make you somewhat weary with this insistence on clearness, but it is the all-necessary attribute of good writing. When you are much older, and have gotten your grasp on life and its problems, you will find that your thoughts alone will be sufficiently difficult to understand in the simplest expression. For this reason you should cultivate from the start the habit of clearness. We think even now it is because your thoughts are so shadowy and obscure that your expression is likewise obscure. You must not think that we wish you to seek after a bald, careless style. We wish only that you study to acquire that simplicity which is the most difficult art." With this letter was a technical digestion of the two poems I had submitted. I cannot give the editorial analysis, because, after

making the changes suggested, the poems were printed, and the dissection of them might betray the authorship of this article. This criticism was more valuable than it may seem on reading it, because it hit the nail on the head, for me. I know as well as the editors of that magazine that my fault is the outcome of trying to paint in all the images that gather to my brain, instead of sweeping in the centralized idea with one bold stroke of the brush. But at the same time this wealth of imagery was at times the strongest point in favor of my work, and the distinction between that use of it which makes beauty, and that portion which develops the haze of obscurity—there's the rub! This supersensitiveness to impression evidently extended over into my prose. Note this allusion: "The main trouble with this new story of yours, from our point of view, is that you have tried to tell too much in it. It is really a novelette in compressed form. We might write at great length about the difference between a story that is short and a short story, which difference some people say does not exist; but we think we may do you more good by advising you to study the structure and style of the short stories of De Maupassant. We might recommend especially a volume of stories by this author translated by Jonathan Sturges and published by Scribners. The volume is entitled "The Odd Number." It contains also an introduction by Henry James, which is valuable reading. We recommend De Maupassant rather than Kipling, without wishing to make any comparison between the two. Much of Mr. Kipling's work, however, is so grained with his amazing cleverness that he is a dangerous model. By studying De Maupassant's stories you will learn much of simplicity and much of the precious art of omission. You must not feel discouraged at these rejec-

tions, especially as we can say honestly that we believe these manuscripts show a certain progress beyond your previous output." Up to this time, I had sold these editors a little verse, but no prose. Finally, a letter, containing this mixture of joy and woe came to me: "We have had quite a long talk over your story, '—.' In the main we like it very much indeed, and we think with some changes we can in all probability use it. The consensus of opinion here is that the story is spun out too long, and would be benefited immeasurably by compression. The incidents, as told by you, produce the effect of a novelette rather than of a short story. You have brought in so many of the family that this novelette effect is also strengthened. Then, the incidents are not cumulative; they are all of equal value in the story, and give the effect of going round and round, rather than moving forward. We think, too, that you ought to compress some of the sentences, as some of the paragraphs seem almost verbose. So if you will take this manuscript and cut it down about one-third, according to instructions, we feel pretty sure that we can make use of it." Does it seem that a manuscript with such faults could be made over to fit? I had cut and cut at that story till it seemed a skeleton to me. In its form as it came back it contained six thousand words. I hacked it down to four thousand. I slaughtered paragraphs till they were monosyllabic interjections. I boiled it down one-third; they bought it!

I met in New York a man whose prose I have always greatly admired. Besides being one of the head readers on the staff of a prominent monthly, he is a writer of books that are known for their quaint humor and study of nature. He had advised me against verses. However, verse writing is with me a habit, as tenacious as thirst for water. My ideas come to me as the

groundwork for little poems, not short stories. My impressions are the flashing climaxes of sonnets, and not the plots for novelettes. If I were able, I should break the habit of poetry. Such was the plea I made to my author-friend in the Metropolis. This is the letter he wrote me when he learned that I had not sworn off rhymes: "Perhaps you had better go and put on another pair of trousers over those you are wearing now, for I propose to give you a sound scutching. But if you think the correction will do you good just as you are, I will sail right in, here and now. In the first place, you are not doing all that I told you to do. I am not now scolding you for not pulling up stakes and coming to New York, although if you had done that you would not be the errant son of my discipline that you now are. If you recollect, I advised you to write a lot of special articles about the subjects nearest at hand to you, the '—', etc.' You haven't done it. Instead you sent on a fiction story that I thought came being very near what we wanted. But it did not have the grace and charm of style that we had a right to expect from you. Why not?"

"I will tell you. When I said that you had better not do quite so much verse you rose up in alarm, and protested that you could not possibly exist unless you wrote rhymes, and all that. Now, let us look into that wish of the heart. Why is it your natural mode of expression? Because, when you have muddled the intellect of the reader with the rhythm and dazed him with the rhyme and dangled pretty-colored pictures before him, he is in no condition to notice whether you have said anything to him. Nothing is so fatal to the power of accurate and forceful statement as the habit of saying things in verse. About one man in a million is capable of keeping his head when he thinks poetically. But it is of prime

importance that now, when you are getting ready to do something worth while in the world of letters, you should learn how to say things in the tersest, as well as the most interesting and convincing form, that is to say, in prose. In verse, you are pulled here and dragged there by the necessity of rhyme and meter. It is, after all, a small art to write verses. The rhythm is, once you have got it, like keeping up a waltz step. But prose has a rhythm of its own, when it is done well, that is far complexer.

"The mental effect of verse is distinctly deteriorating to the mind. No one can do anything in it but express pure emotion. It is a kind of organism which wears on the nerves and the whole moral system. Religious ecstasy does not make sound-minded or even holy men and women. It is doing the plain duties of life, and not lying tranced before the altar, that breeds the saint. I see signs in you of the same highly emotional nature that I had at your age, the torturing conscience, the yearning after the spiritual beauty without the recognition of the fact that the eyes must be cast down upon the things of earth in order to see Truth. She lies at the bottom of the well; she lies under things here, not up in Heaven. Infinity extends not only outward to the borders of the universe, but inward from the smallest speck.

"Take the pledge of verse against verse now for a year. Let it be a penance for you, and see if in that long Lent you are not spiritually benefited. Try not to be so much of a publisher, getting out a poem every twenty minutes, and a story every three days. Stick to the special article and make it as beautiful as a poem. You are in no hurry. Do something worthy of you. . . . You need not kow-tow to me. I am no better equipped than you are, except that I am older and have passed

through the same experiences that you have, and many more that I hope in God you will be spared. I speak to you, not as a father, but as an elder brother, and not so very much elder either. Pray pardon my officiousness. I ought to pluck a few beams out of mine own eye before I take out the motes that are in my brother's eyes. But you are on my conscience a good deal. I look upon you in a way as the son of my own loins, and so do — and —. We look to you to do great things, but you'll not do them if you go on destroying yourself with verses."

What do I not owe a man that would go so deep into the heart as he has done? The day has not come yet when I can repay him; I am impatient for success, if for no other reason than that I may fly to him some cool summer evening, turn to that kind face and say: "Brother, I bring you at last the blossom that has sprung up from the seed of your blessing!"

I could go on indefinitely quoting from this heap of kind and helpful letters before me. A Boston publisher writes: "Indeed, I think you have every reason to expect to achieve real success in the field of letters. We have retained one of your poems, 'The —,' but this piece, by reason of its length, is difficult to place. Your command of verse form, and figurative speech, is admirable; but, do you not write too coolly, too analytically in verse, ever to achieve real popularity?" Another says: "Really, we want to encourage you to keep up the game struggle, and there's much in your matter that encourages one to tell you to keep at it. I am aware that the best aid is acceptance, but you would not desire it under any such circumstances." Again the same editor wrote: "This is nearer—a good deal nearer. Keep it up. You'll hit our standard yet." And I did; but not with a sledge-hammer.

'A woman editor, who buys my verses and occasionally my stories, made this surprising confession: "We consider you are of our 'shining lights.' We feel very proud that you can spare us what you do. If you could always write 'The ——' and 'The ——,' (two poems she had published), "I fear we wouldn't see much more of you. Meantime, we are grateful for the crumbs." I have a reputation and a standard to keep up in that editorial sanctum.

In returning an animal story, the editor of a big New York monthly gave me this insight into his limitations: "The title of this story is good, the idea excellent, and the whole manuscript very readable. I am going now to tell you exactly the motives which lead me to return the story to you. Animal stories have had too great a vogue, and are in great danger of being overdone, but even with this feeling, I think we might print your story safely, for the idea of the —— is so novel to all of us who live at a distance from ——, that I am confident the story would be accepted as fresh. The length is, I think, a more serious difficulty. In a magazine of —— pages no story ought really to exceed four thousand words. This has nearly six thousand. The object of the stories we print is to amuse, and amusement depends largely upon variety; we can only get variety by printing more and shorter ones. The third difficulty of this story is that it lacks climax. It wanders along very pleasantly, but there is no particular reason for ending the story when you do. Had the good incident of the ——'s escape been brought out strongly, and had the tale ended here, I think it had been better. I am very much obliged to you for the pleasure we have had from the story, and return it with our best thanks."

It will be noticed that though this

editor has taken the pains to point out the defects in this story, yet he did not even ask that, after the suggested changes had been made in it, he be permitted to look at it again. I knew that the changes he made mention of would improve the manuscript for any editor, and made them. More than that, I asked him to read it again, and sent it on. He bought it, and it recently appeared, handsomely illustrated.

The editor of a long-established and high-class monthly continually returned my offerings, without comment. I had written quite an ambitious poem in blank verse. Never dreaming that he would buy it unless it were considered far and above the average magazine poetry, I sent it to him. This was the fire I struck from his editorial flint: "Your '——' is quite a splendid performance—so much above your accustomed offerings that I cannot account for *them*. But it is too long for a magazine like ours, though I must thank you for letting me see it, and send it back. Let me see something shorter with the same fire." I have tried hard to outlive the old impression I had made on that editor, and to live up to the new. The last three numbers of his magazine gave me place. I expect that long poem will never see the proud arrangement of types—but it at least served to show one editor that I would do better work in sustained effort than in fragments, and that I would fly the impulse to write *ronde-lays* and *sonnets*—if I could gain a hearing otherwise.

I confessed this longing to the editors of one of the "big eight." One of them, writing from his home address, as a brother and friend more than as an editor, gave me such encouraging advice that I would be ashamed ever to be discouraged or down-hearted again. Among other things he says: "I'm inclined to think that it isn't well to depend too much on our judgment.

Every year makes me surer of the fallibility of editors. I could name you a dozen books which have succeeded in the last few years in which I cannot see anything to account for their vogue. No matter how broadly and with what catholicity one tries to see the world and its literature, one is absolutely bound by his individuality. Your record for 1903 so far is one you ought well to be proud of. "Harper's," "Leslie's," "Everybody's," "Lippincott's," "Munsey," "The Smart Set" and "Ainslee's" make up a remarkably comprehensive list of our best magazines, and the others in your list are most creditable. I'm very grateful for sending the last long poem, and I think it showed *marked ability* in you. It proved to me that you ought to keep straight ahead—working daily and with persistence. I wish you might see your way clear to spend a little time in New York again. Even three months would give you many and definite helps. After all, it isn't a question of reaching a certain specific point in your work, so much as it is a question of making all there is in you count to its extreme amount. I myself like the old comparison of life to a game of whist. The cards are given us—(God knows what trumps and aces there are). The strong player finds the most interest in making the most of his hand. Is it necessary to know just where you will land? That seems to me a little outside the necessary. It's better to

get the absorption of playing the game hard and conscientiously—leave the result to the tally tag."

I laid aside my pen, on receiving that letter, and worked no more for two days. I could only ponder. For these words, with others more personally sweet and consoling still, convinced me that my failures would be in spite of all possible help from those set in high places to lift me up, and not because of their indifference. Had I so far done anything to attract their attention, or made a stroke of telling power in any other field in life's work, the literary aspirant might turn to me with the argument that the editors are more than especially good to me, because they are anxious to train me and tutor me for their own selfish ends. Such is not the case, unfortunately for me. I am only a weak voice in the chorus of song. I could drop my pen to-morrow, and nobody would ask: "And did he leave no swan song to the world?" My step is very faint down the hall of fame; my rap is very light upon the door! But I have heard the voices calling me from the inside—and many arms and many hands have been stretched from the doors and windows—stretched to me, to help me in. And these are the hands and the voices of the men who are blamed, yea, cursed, for all the weary wrecks that strew the paths of literature—all the bleaching skeletons of hope that never reach the goal.

Cartoon by McCutcheon

ART CRITICISM FOR CRITICISM'S SAKE (ILLUSTRATING HOW SOME CRITICISMS ARE WRITTEN)



FIRST ART CRITIC—"HELLO, HERE'S ONE THAT ISN'T NUMBERED, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE ONE OF BRUSH-DOBSTER'S THINGS"

SECOND ART CRITIC—"WELL, HE'S SUCH A CONCEITED ASS THAT I HATE ALL OF HIS WORK"



FIRST ART CRITIC—"DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH WRETCHED DRAWING? WHY, THE FIGURE LOOKS AS IF IT HAD BEEN HACKED OUT OF WOOD"

SECOND ART CRITIC—"IT'S AWFUL. AND THE COLORING! JUST LOOK AT THOSE FLESH TINTS! I CAN'T IMAGINE HOW IT EVER PASSED THE JURY"



FIRST ART CRITIC—"THE WHOLE THING IS AMATEURISH, AND I'M GOING TO TELL THE JURY THAT IT OUGHT TO BE THROWN OUT"

SECOND ART CRITIC—"AND I'M GOING TO SAY THAT ARTISTS SHOULD BE ABLE TO DRAW BEFORE THEIR WORK GETS IN THE EXHIBITION"



THE SUBJECT—"OH, I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME! THOSE TWO OLD MEN HAVE BEEN STARING AT ME DREADFULLY, AND I HEARD ONE OF THEM SAY SOMETHING ABOUT THROWING ME OUT. IT WAS SIMPLY AWFUL!"

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Romance*

BY WITTER BYNNER

HE thinks not deep who hears the strain
Of gentle-hearted Nicolette
And fears that never more again
To such a tune will love be set
Of daisies and the foot that let
Them darken on the dewy way
To where the olden lovers met;—
These are the loves of every day.

The heart that changes lock and chain
Into a gift for Nicolette,
The heart that ventures perilous pain,
That needs no counsel, heeds no threat,
While shadow'd earth and heaven get
The blessing of her holy ray
Like evening from a minaret;—
These are the loves of every day.

Not only does the story gain
For Aucassin and Nicolette
Woods green with an immortal rain;
But long as human eyes go wet
For lovers, or till we forget
That we can love as well as they
In triumph over mortal fret;—
These are the loves of every day.

L'Envoi

Poet, yours is a vain regret
That Aucassin has gone his way!
We have him still with Nicolette;—
These are the loves of every day.

* Prompted by Mrs. Ogden's poem in "Scribner's Magazine."

Reviews

The Call of the Spirit in Fiction

THE METTLE OF THE PASTURE. By James Lane Allen. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

By JAMES MACARTHUR

"THERE never was a period of greater literary activity and intellectual stir than the present," said one of our scribes recently; "from all quarters of the United States authors are busy in the making, and the noise of pens writing fills the air like the sound of a buzz-saw." Books come and go; literary reputations flare up and fizzle out; where are the writers of yesterday? Once in a long while we catch the note of seriousness, of distinction; we hear the call of the spirit, deep calling unto deep, and the eagerness and alacrity with which the public aspires to it, and reads the book which contains it by the hundred thousand, arrests the fallacious argument that this same public lacks appreciation of the fine and true in literature and only cries for entertainment. Say rather that the fault is in those authors who pander to the taste for vaudeville literature. If there is an appetite for this sort of fiction, it is because the taste of the reading public has been whetted by what it has fed on. An English writer, observing the phenomenon of a book like "The Choir Invisible" selling to the extent of two hundred thousand copies, remarked that the two hundred thousand which

aspired to that book did not aspire by chance. "They, and perhaps two hundred thousand more, are always alert, longing, anxious to appreciate and ascend towards some nobility above them." There is a spirit in man which rises to the call of the spirit in literature; a hunger of the soul which craves the communicable solace and comfort of the book with a soul in it. It seeks it in vain in the wind and the earthquake and the fire, but finds it in the still small voice.

"When a man has heard the great things calling to him," wrote Mr. Allen in "The Reign of Law"—"how they call, and call, day and night, day and night!" From the beginning he has written as one who has heard the great things calling to him. Whatever the story, whoever the characters, wherever the scene, the voice speaking ever calls us from the busy mart, the fret and fever of bustling activity to a place apart, and with strange compulsion brings us face to face with our own souls. For Mr. Allen is not so much concerned with the drama of life about us, as with the drama of life within us. The story may not be our story, the characters may vary and depart from our experience, the scene may be strange; but the story of man's struggle for righteousness, the old tragedy that is ever new; the eternal point of contact in all character that treads the path of spiritual warfare; the country of the spirit where all barriers are levelled

and the heights and valleys are familiar;—these are the common heritage of mankind. It is when the artist recognizes this profound truth and enters within the veil of man's common experience, when the call of the spirit pierces the husks of life and reveals the soul to itself that we get near to that reality which makes literature endure. The triumph of Mr. Allen's work is the triumph of his ideals.

"The Mettle of the Pasture" enforces this view of Mr. Allen's work. It is of the first importance to herald this fact, and to emphasize it, for it is the determining factor in the author's art. It is his point of view, nay more, it is the quality of imagination which informs his characters and develops their moral destiny. Of Mrs. Meredith, one of the characters in the novel, it is said that her insight into goodness was her strength. Of Mr. Allen it may be said that his insight into goodness is his strength. He is enamored of the beauty of holiness. In this respect, his ethical imagination is more closely allied to the genius of George Eliot than that of any other novelist. As Sidney Lanier pointed out in George Eliot, so with Mr. Allen, his loftiness, his straightforwardness, his fervor, his frankness, his general passion for whatsoever things are large and fine—in a word, for essential goodness—form a revelation which cheers and uplifts. "The Mettle of the Pasture" discovers afresh that the ideal is the real, and that it is possible for the idealist to invest fiction with a romantic interest which is supremely attractive, because it makes the profoundest appeal. There is another quality which Mr. Allen shares with Browning rather than with George Eliot, although the optimism from which it springs is more George Eliot's than Browning's; I refer to that large patient charity which is in him the accent, as it were, of his humanity. Browning has given it fittest expression; it is that love of mankind which has been made wise

"To see a good in evil, and a hope

In ill-success; to sympathize, be proud
Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings,
dim

Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,

Their prejudice and fears and cares
and doubts;

All with a touch of nobleness, despite
Their error, upward tending all though
weak,

Like plants in mines which never saw
the sun,

But dream of him, and guess where he
may be,

And do their best to climb and get to
him."

As an artistic achievement, "The Mettle of the Pasture" will come as a surprise even to those who have had faith in Mr. Allen's powers as a novelist. At last he has written a book which will silence those of his critics who rashly concluded that he lacked the fertility and skill to construct a novel of sustained power and length. To be sure, Mr. Allen's gifts do not run to the invention of startling incident and *dénouement*; there is not the slightest pretence of theatrical expedient or striving after novel means to a dramatic end. Mr. Allen can very well afford to leave the story-teller's craft to those who exercise it for the mere sake of the story. His strength lies in deeper channels of artistry; in the artistic preoccupation of ideas and ideals as applied to moral crises of character. His is not the novel of incident so much as it is the novel of character; he is engrossed in life, not in the invention of facts about life. "The Mettle of the Pasture" is not only the longest book he has written; it contains more characters and a greater variety of them, it has more versatility, more light and shade, more humor than any of his previous books. (Of his humor in this book I shall have something to say farther on; it calls for special note.) The story, too, is wider in scope and the central tragedy draws irresistibly to it and is affected by the minor tragedies and comedy, as a river draws into it and is affected by its tributaries. So strong and inescapable, indeed, is this main current of tragic interest that from the moment the reader is caught in its flow, he is borne on a tide that seeks the sea by an onward rush of nature's inevitable law and destiny. And when he reaches the sleeping waters into which all

human life ebbs and flows, it is to see Mercy and Justice shining like twin stars in the heavens, and to bow uncomplainingly to the divine order of the universe and its almighty justification, despite the tragic hurt and rage of outraged law. The finality and moral grandeur of the tragedy recall Carlyle's flashing phrase—"as beautiful and terrible and earnest as life and death."

Rowan and Isabel, the supreme lovers of "The Mettle of the Pasture," meet us on the threshold in a wonderful old garden that seems to match the magic garden of their youth. The influence, the spell of nature, is eloquent of the Eternal Guardianship of the world. They have met to plight their troth. Nature has been kind to them and theirs should be an ideal marriage of mind and heart. But Rowan has something to tell Isabel before they venture forth, something in the moral recesses of his past which the instinctive nature of the man makes it necessary he shall divulge and receive forgiveness for before trusting himself to her and asking her to trust herself to him. She leaves him; that is the beginning of the tragedy. We do not learn what it was Rowan told Isabel that night until near the end of the book, when our knowledge of the lovers and all that the ordeal has cost them is complete. It is the old tragedy. "Old enough," as Judge Morris observed years afterward. "Were we not speaking the other day of how the old tragedies are the new ones? I get something new out of this; you get the old. What strikes me about it is that the man has declined to shirk—that he has felt called upon not to injure any other life by his silence. I wish I had a right to call it the mettle of a young American, his truthfulness . . . whatever he might have done with any one else, there was something in the nature of the girl whom he did come to love that made it impossible: she drove untruthfulness out of him as health drives away disease. He saved his honor with her, but he lost her." "She saved her honor through giving him up," replies Professor Hardage. "But it is high ground, it is a sad hill-top that each has climbed to." "Hardage, we can climb so high that we freeze," the old

Judge responds, and goes on with a certain sad pride, "I like their mettle, it is Shakespearean mettle, it is American mettle. We lie in business, and we lie in religion, and we lie to women. Perhaps if a man stopped lying to a woman, by and by he might begin to stop lying for money, and at last stop lying with his Maker." It is the old tragedy, but with something new added. I like to think of these words lying at the core of its central truth: "Of what use is it to have kept faith with high ideals through trying years if they do not reward us at last with strength in the crises of character?" There is a victorious end for Rowan and Isabel and a hard-won peace; their lives, pierced with pain in the great hour of their happiness, could never lose the tragedy of that memory. But the saving quality in Mr. Allen's art is that, as he himself has said of Mrs. Meredith, he rises to meet with nobility all life's sadnesses.

Mrs. Meredith, Rowan's mother, is one of the most beautiful women of matured graces and ripened womanhood that Mr. Allen has given us. She is a kind of elder sister to Mrs. Falconer. The pathos of motherhood has seldom been so poignantly and reverently portrayed; it is instinct with all the trembling hopes and fears and love of the maternal heart. Next to Mrs. Meredith comes Judge Morris, the man who would have married her in his young manhood had not the poison of a malicious and slanderous tongue separated them. The loneliness of the old man, his affection for his dog and his love for Rowan are made to appeal like a living memory. Mrs. Conyers, Isabel's grandmother, unscrupulous, frivolous, selfish, conscienceless, bites like acid and is memorable even in her adroit wickedness.

It is in his humor and the characters who partake of it that Mr. Allen most surprises us in this book. Nothing could be more delightful than the playfulness of that affectionate couple, Professor Hardage and his sister Anna, or the courting of Anna by Ambrose and the courting of Ambrose by Miss Harriet Crane, or the delicious flirting of Marguerite with the boy Barbee, or Pansy's

first interview with Mrs. Meredith, or the apologue of "Brown." One of the most original and delightful chapters of mirth Mr. Allen has written is that wherein Marguerite reads passage after passage from "Lady Bluefield's First Principles of Courting for Ye Use of Ye Ladies; but Plainly Set Down for Ye Good of Ye Beginners." Here is one excerpt: "*Now of all artes ye most ancient is ye lovely arte of courting. It is ye earliest form of ye chase. It is older than hawking or hunting ye wilde bore. It is older than ye flint age or ye stone age, being as old as ye bones in ye man his body and in ye woman her body. It began in ye Garden of Eden and is as old as ye old devil himself.*" But it is not only in the humorous creation of character that Mr. Allen's humor is signalized in this novel; it is in the humorous point of view and commentary on things and people. He reminds us of Mr. W. S. Lilly's definition of a humorist—"an artist who playfully gives us his intuition of the world and human life." It is this quality of humor blent with his high and noble seriousness which distinguishes "The Mettle of the Pasture" from all that he has written heretofore. It enters into the fibre of his work as it has never done before, and I am not forgetting "A Kentucky Cardinal." It gives poise and relief to the main theme and throws a radiance on its lone, tragic beauty. It softens the deep shadow that lies in the valley where the lovers tread the wine-press of sorrow, and assuages the bitter surge of their bereft spirits. It is the smile of the soul, as some one has said of this quality of humor.

"The Mettle of the Pasture" is a novel of greatness; it is so far Mr. Allen's masterpiece; a work of beauty and finished art. There can be no question of its supreme place in our literature; there can be no doubt of its wide acceptance and acceptability. More than any of his books, it is destined to an enviable popularity. It does not take extraordinary prescience to predict an extraordinary circulation for it. Mr. Allen is to be congratulated on his success; and the public who will read his book is to be congratulated also. And the reason, as I indicated

in the beginning of this article, is not far to seek.

THE LIONS OF THE LORD. By Harry Leon Wilson. Illustrated by Rose Cecil O'Neil. Lothrop Publishing Company. \$1.50.

By S. DECATUR SMITH, JR.

THE opportunities that the novelist might have seized from the great Mormon movement, its inception in the younger years of the century just past, the conflict between its leaders and the constituted authorities, and the tragedies that ensued—notably the horrible Mountain Meadows affair—have been strangely neglected by our writers. There have been a few books upon the subject, but none heretofore have so combined fiction and history as to emphasize what dry facts and statistics state and prove, yet to which the general attention of the public has not been attracted. It is long since the worst of the Mormon horrors occurred, yet in more than one recent instance have their memories been revived; the issue of polygamy is ever a vexed one, one continually disputed and discussed; faith has been broken, promises wholly disregarded, and in frequent instances legislative action has been necessary.

Back to the very beginning of things in this connection, to the discovery by Joseph Smith of the golden plates whereon the Book of Mormon was inscribed, goes this extremely powerful story by a writer whose previous novel gave no hint of his capacity for strong narration, careful study of an important historic period, and the searching analysis of a tortured soul. Joel Rac, the principal figure in the book, is identified with those pioneers of the new faith throughout their marvellous pilgrimage from Nauvoo to Salt Lake City. He shared their hardships; he suffered in his own family from the outrages inflicted by the half-maddened troops of the government, his sister, mother and father having become their victims; he was a passive and unwilling participant in the

dreadful reprisal at Mountain Meadows—and throughout the remainder of his life the memory of this truly awful massacre was ever present with him, and led to doubt, to wavering faith, and finally to such action of the agonized mind upon none too strong a body as to result in death. The sweetheart to whom he was betrothed abjures the Mormon faith, weds an officer in the United States army, and is a victim of the historic sacrifice upon the altar of fanaticism. Rae is fortunately able to rescue her little daughter, whom he claims and afterward cares for as it were his own child; she is the apple of his eye, her mother reincarnated, and she grows under his fostering care to be a strong and lovely character, as beautiful in spirit as in feature. Hers is the one pure romance, though coming casually and late in the story, that marks the book, and the worthy young "Gentile" who wins her love is her fitting and honorable mate. The study of the time, the people, the faith, the abuse of boldly claimed and blindly yielded power, self-attributed as divine by Brigham Young and the other leaders, is exhaustive and in its results poignantly painful. As a historical document it is important, for it is doubtful if elsewhere so much information—though cast in fictitious form—is handily obtainable. And it is all susceptible of proof! The book is painfully powerful, unfailingly interesting, and a valuable contribution to the literature of a subject that, whether from ignorance or indifference, has been suffered to become a by-word and a scorning upon the fair fame of this nation of ours.

ROBERT BROWNING. *By G. K. Chesterton. The Macmillan Company, New York. 75 cents.*

BY BLISS CARMAN

THE choice of Mr. G. K. Chesterton to write the life of Robert Browning in the English Men of Letters Series was not an unhappy one. There is a rugged spontaneity about Mr. Chesterton that qualifies him very well for

his task. The only danger was, that he might have been tempted to be too clever at the expense of sober judgment. The result is more fortunate than might have been expected; he seems to have put some restraint on his waywardness; and while his judgments are not less cocksure than usual, they are somewhat more moderate.

Mr. Chesterton delights in taking liberties with men and manners, with letters and with logic. With all the exuberant confidence of youth, nothing pleases him better than to take a fall out of any one. That seems to be his idea of criticism. He must be unusual at any cost, not for the sake of novelty of phrase, but rather for the titillation that comes with paradox. Hesitation is unknown to him, and Omniscience itself could hardly be more prompt and sure in its opinions. The truth is Mr. Chesterton is an up-to-date American journalist, masquerading as an English man of letters. The wonder is that he doesn't come home. He is one of those "breezy" and "brainy" persons in whom our editors delight, and so long as he remains in London he must feel strangely out of his element.

His life of Browning is good; in the first place it will make the reader sit up; and in the second place it is very often true as well as startling. He says, for instance, that Browning "combines the greatest brain with the most simple temperament known in our annals"; and again, "the mystery of the unconscious man, far deeper than any mystery of the conscious one, existing as it does in all men, existed peculiarly in Browning, because he was a very ordinary and spontaneous man"; and we are almost convinced at sight. And once more there is much truth, though not the whole truth in the following reference to Browning's technique: "The general sentiment expressed in the statement that he did not care for form is simply the most ridiculous criticism that could be conceived. It would be far nearer the truth to say that he cared more for form than any other English poet who ever lived."

He has a lively brush with Mr. Santayana, who contends in his book, "Poetry and Religion," that Browning was

something of a barbarian by temperament and thought, and that his philosophic trend is far too individualistic. Says Mr. Chesterton, "Whether the quality be a good or a bad quality, Mr. Santayana is perfectly right. The whole of Browning's poetry does rest upon primitive feeling; and the comment to be added is that so does the whole of every one else's poetry." Any one who has read Mr. Santayana carefully will not think he is to be answered so easily. Of course all poetry is based on primitive feeling. But it does not at all follow that all poetry is devoid of moral ideas which belong to civilization. Feeling is the mainspring of poetry, but thought is its regulator. And while our feeling and instincts may remain primitive, they may be largely tempered and influenced by intellectual judgments that are very complex and modern. If all good poetry were based on primitive feeling alone, we should still be in the Stone Age.

But even if the truth is not always served by such flat statements, as Mr. Chesterton nearly always makes, with all its faults, his book is not one that students of Browning can afford to skip; it is so free from cant, and has so much good sense after all.

THE BOOK OF THE ROSE. By Charles G. D. Roberts. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.00, net.

By J. STEWART DOUBLEDAY

LIKE all the metrical work of Mr. Roberts, the present verses show inequality of achievement; but though the bad poems are perhaps more numerous than the good poems, the latter are, none the less, sufficiently noteworthy to give value and distinction to the whole. Mr. Roberts often seems—as we have before emphasized—less inspired than any other poet of the time; but when the right elements combine, when the spirit-elevation actually frees him of the slight and sensational atmosphere that he respices in common with a hundred other singers of tawdrier note, no utterance is more nobly excitant than his. At his best

he may rank in the genuine line of English poets; at his worst he falls to the level of Edwin Markham, say, or Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The present volume contains two distinct sections: "The Book of the Rose" and "Miscellaneous Poems." It is convenient to discuss them separately.

"The Book of the Rose" is, as its name suggests, a pseudo-Persian heap of love-lyrics, an album of honey phrases on the subject of love and loveliness and woman, recalling the Rossetti sensualness without the Rossetti religion. The stanzas are smeared, rather than tinted, with scarlet, and the perfumes are laid on so heavily as quite to neutralize each other's intended fascination, leaving us only a kind of curtain odor, excessive and irrespirable. Yes, these vast daubs of rose, rose, rose grow stale on the canvas, they warp and welter, they stand out artificially and offensively, they nauseate us by their unceasing supplication for our whole admiring attention, they seem forced, unwholesome, hybrid—not at all desirable. "O Little Rose, O Dark Rose," with its superficial tenderness, "The Rose of My Desire," with its "camphor-trees" and "swoon of the tropic heaven" and its "night's heat, hushed, electric," "The Rose's Avatar," with its "dark rose of thy mouth," what have these—these indoor, hothouse poems to do with the manly passion of true love? Some of the work is delicate, as, for example, in "Attar," where a new rhyme-progression is employed with a sensuous, insinuating, deliriously Asiatic effect of melody; some of it is sincere, as in "The Wisdom of Love," which lacks, however, an essential richness; most of it is musical and shapely; but compared to his stirring poems of nature, these painted verses are pitifully hectical and slight. They are in truth a genuine minor poetry; and the better accomplishment of Mr. Roberts is by no means minor poetry. Let us then quit the heavy divan and go outdoors with this excellent guide to the forests and winds and waters as they exist in the heart of man.

The first poem of the section called "Miscellaneous" is "The Stranded Ship," a ballad, which, notwithstanding

the rather halting first stanza, is large and inspiring in the extreme.

"Around the keel that raced the dolphin
and the shark
Only the sand-wren twitters from barren
dawn till dark;
And all the long blank noon the blank
sand chafes and mars
The prow once swift to follow the lure
of the dancing stars."

The picture here of the sand-wren is very felicitous. No other bird—petrel, gull, swift—could give the same suggestion of the ship's immovableness and complete cession to her sad unheroic destiny. "The First Ploughing" is equally fresh and delightful, and possesses that exceptional poetic insight which summons to the listener a host of moving images. In this quatrain:

"Then dips the coulter and drives the
share,
And the furrows faintly steam,
The crow drifts furtively down from
the pine
To follow the clanking team"—

how spontaneously apposite seem all the verbs, especially "drifts," and how complete, almost sultry in its truth-tellingness is the last brief homely picture. Surely this man is a magician with his birds! In "The Native" Mr. Roberts proclaims his exultation in the grandeur of rocks and tempest and "wild limbs—under wide skies" in so rapid and direct a manner as to carry us quite splendidly off our feet. His rhapsody is neither bald nor rhetorical—it is the real wide utterance which we feel proud in our privilege to commend publicly. There are other poems worthy of comment. Among them, "New Dead," "The Great and the Little Weavers," and "The Aim" have inherent nobility and lyric energy; "Shepherdess Fair" is as gentle and songfully sweet as a dainty pastoral writ in Elizabethan twilights; and "When Mary Mother Kissed the Child," though it lacks, for example, the devotional intensity of Rossetti's "Ave," is nevertheless tender and serene and full of a cer-

tain purity of emotion which, while it entitles the poet to some present reward of fame is the best of evidence he has the power, if necessary, to disdain it.

THE CAPTAIN'S TOLL-GATE. By Frank R. Stockton. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

MR. Stockton's posthumous reputation testifies to the value of an attractive personality. Whatever may be the lasting merits of his work, it reflects a character of singular charm; it is palpably the product of a man whom we would be glad to know, and certain to admire if we knew him. His death seemed like a personal loss to many a reader who knew him only through his books. A posthumous work from such a man has a sentimental interest that overrides any attempt at judicial condemnation.

It is as well so. Without reference to any such sentiment, most candid and liberal readers would find "The Captain's Toll-Gate" a pleasant and sufficiently amusing tale. It has the unmistakable Stocktonian flavor—graceful, whimsical, often unexpected, never subtle nor powerful. Its scene is laid in the Southern country where Mr. Stockton chose his home a few years before his death, but the story deals for the most part with Northern characters. A charming girl, who wavers among several lovers before finally choosing the one whom her uncle, the Captain, had long since selected—that is the gist of the story. It is all obvious and straightforward. Mr. Stockton cared more for characters and their environment than for plot or action. The toll-gate house is a locale such as always delighted him, and he takes obvious pleasure in describing the fine old country place at Broadstone—prompted undoubtedly by affection for his own similar home. He plays with the peculiarities of his characters, bringing them to light in one situation after another that is its own excuse for occurring. One can be amused without any misgivings with an author who never takes himself quite seriously.

"The Captain's Toll-Gate" is accompanied by an etching of the author, a biographical sketch by Mrs. Stockton, and a list of Mr. Stockton's books, rather pretentiously termed a bibliography.

Mrs. Stockton explains that "The Captain's Toll-Gate" was completed before "Kate Bonnet" was begun, and was laid aside to make way for the publication of that book. Without any pretence of criticism, which would be obviously out of place, she dwells on the personal characteristics of the man, and sketches briefly the history of his literary work. It is a sympathetic and welcome tribute to a man whose individual charm may well survive even his writings.

E. C.

TOMMY WIDEAWAKE. By H. H. Bashford. John Lane, New York. \$1.00.

NOT a boy's story, but a charming story of a boy, a charming, sympathetic, whole-souled bit of writing just long enough to while away a summer's afternoon. Tommy is delightful, a good healthy English lad, neither too full of pranks nor too cherubic to be natural; he is fond of cricket and playing truant and swimming, and, indeed, all that the ideal out-door boy is fond of. But the writer has, by the use of a fine talent, made Tommy different from the conventional Eton or Rugby type of early youth; he has given him a heart, and an individuality so truthful and refreshing that we close the diminutive book with a kind of sigh—and have to pinch ourselves back to life, so to phrase it. Possibly the last chapter vexes us just a little; for in it we behold our hero grown up and in possession of wife and estate; he is known by his grip, has become a strong, commonplace man, indeed, something so different from a wideawake boy in whom the promise gleams unfulfilled; but this criticism only proves how completely we have lent ourselves to the pleasant story, and rejoiced under its influence.

The setting is perfect. Four men of mature years and consequent experience of life have pledged themselves to look after the motherless son of an old com-

rade—a military man who is soon killed in battle leaving the orphan in their charge. These men are all of different vocation, staid country bachelors who have long outlived their boyhood, and who possess in greater degree the conscience and desire to do the right thing for Tommy than the knowledge how to set forth properly about it. The result is, of course, that Tommy teaches them, makes them young again, brings them back to the present from their profitless contemplation of the future and the past. He is a brightness in their midst, a voice, a movement of all that is sweetest and wholesomest in life, and they give him in return their harvests of affection. The story is never maudlin; it is told, indeed, with indescribable humor and genuineness, and we advise all those who—no, we advise *everybody* to buy it.

J. S. D.

A PRINCE OF SINNERS. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

MR. Oppenheim's latest story is thoroughly readable and worthy of consideration both by the critic and by the casual reader. In a degree, it is political, but there is also considerable practical philanthropy injected into the tale—yet the author's aim has been neither to educate us in matters political nor to awaken our minds to the beauties of charity, but rather to bespeak our interest in certain phases of contemporary English character. The chief actors in the novel belong to the aristocracy—not alone in name, but also in manners—and the others serve in the main solely as a desirable contrast. The prince of sinners himself, to be sure, is perhaps a trifle stagey and Mephistophelian; but he is at least interesting, and since not the hero of his own story, he does not pall upon us. The other characters are exceedingly well drawn and lifelike. Furthermore, the author's views on philanthropy are permeated by such common sense as is unlikely to come save through experience and such as one seldom finds in the pages of novels. As borne out by Mr. Chamberlain's recent revolutionary

utterances on the subject of free trade and protection, the words of one of the political candidates in the story gain new significance "Now, I am going to prophesy. I say that the next readjustment of Parties will be on the tariff question, and I believe that the controversy will be the greatest political event of this century."

Of plot there is not a great deal, and only such as might be evolved by the ordinary association of persons in everyday life. As prince of sinners, the titular hero may be said to be forced to live upon his past reputation, his contemporary life being comparatively innocuous. Despite this unfortunate reformation, however, enough complications have arisen from his past machinations to serve the author with material for his entertaining tale. This book should not be omitted from any list of books for summer reading.

W. W. W.

GORDON KEITH. *By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.*

MR. Page's latest story marks a return to the public which is always eagerly awaiting every product of his pen, and from which he has absented himself unduly long, and also shows a departure in some respects from his earlier, and, it must be confessed, more attractive manner. So high a standard did this chronicler of the old South set for himself in the group of short stories that in sentiment, sympathy and style stand still unsurpassed, that any work of his less perfect in comparison evokes a feeling of disappointment, and a sense that men of inferior talent might have accomplished nearly the same result. It is difficult to arrive at a precisely just critical conclusion in such a case. The bow cannot always be strung, no poet's verses have all been written at the same high level of exalted inspiration. And then, it is a well-known idiosyncrasy of the artistic temperament in all its phases to be ambitious of success along somewhat different lines from those of past achievement. Yet the true artist will al-

ways reveal himself; some flash of insight, some deft, individual stroke of characterization, some felicitous description or philosophic reflection will unveil the light of genius that the bushel of laborious mediocrity cannot totally conceal. These remarks seem applicable to "Gordon Keith"; there is one saving clause, however, that should be added to them: while much that is "indifferent" is mingled with the much that is "good" in the story, there is nothing that can be called positively "bad." For the setting of the tale Mr. Page has chosen for its chief incidents his beloved Virginia, and he has painted his background with the same affectionate care that has made this so attractive a feature of his previous work. And for his principal characters he has selected the chivalrous traditions of the cavalier state as birthright. The reconstruction period, immediately following the war of the rebellion, is the time in which the action takes place. The common fate of thousands of gently born and bred Southerners at that epoch has fallen upon the family of the hero. The fortunes of his house are wrecked; his father, a high-souled but improvident and unpractical gentleman of the old school, is obliged to accept the humiliating position of overseer of his own lost acres; and Gordon, though still a boy, is thrown practically upon his own resources. He rises to the occasion manfully and bravely; endures with uncomplaining courage the hardships and disappointments that he encounters; presses forward to his goal, single-hearted, and with indomitable energy; and finally accomplishes the purpose which has been both his aim and stimulus—the restoration of his estates. He is a fine and most lovable figure, honest as the day, tender as the best of women, and as clean and dear of heart and mind as a little child. The love story which runs side by side with his more material adventures is delicately and feelingly conducted, although the heroine does not exhibit the strength that one would wish for in the mate to this noble character. A crowd—almost too much of a crowd—of subsidiary personages play more or less important parts in the drama, act as foil or relief, ac-

company, assist or obstruct the "leading man" in the working out of the plot. There is the villain, Ferdy Wickersham—and truly villainous he is; his pitifully mismated father and his vulgar and unscrupulous mother. There is a characteristic group of neighboring mountaineers; and in the portion of the story that is shifted to the West there are several extraneous not to say superfluous people, who have little to do with the story. The episode of "Terpsichore" would better have been omitted. To criticise in detail: in the first place the book is far too long, the story could have been told in far less space, although the probable reason for its length is its author's anxiety to omit no detail that would throw even a sidelight upon the character or episode he seeks to portray. Then there are certain inconsistencies, and the "long arm of coincidence" is more than once stretched almost to the point of fracture. It is a new thing to say of Mr. Page that at times his book is tedious, yet such is the fact. To speak of what is best in the narrative is a pleasanter task. It is a sincere and elevated study of conditions at the close of the war. It is the story of honorable achievement and rehabilitation under the most adverse conditions. It is full of the spirit of truth and honor, and the weight of its argument is always on the side of right and justice. And as a story *per se*, it is, in spite of occasional exceptional passages, of strong and continued interest. One cannot but be the better for its reading, and there is sure to be a large and eager public that will seize the opportunity to do so.

S. D. S., JR.

SINFUL PECK. By Morgan Robertson. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

IT is clear that Mr. Robertson's only purpose in writing this book is to amuse; he abandons entirely his long arguments in behalf of the sailor, who he seems to imagine is a very much abused person; indeed he almost abandons the sailor himself, for although this is a story of a cruise to Singapore in a bark which carries a score or more men,

only a few of them are sailors, and they have very little to do with the case. "Sinful Peck," a lawyer at sea as well as ashore, is a most masterful little fellow, full of tricks and diplomacy, and the most amusing character Mr. Robertson has created. Some one, according to the publishers, has referred to Mr. Robertson as "the American W. W. Jacobs," a comparison without the slightest justification. Both write amusing stories about seafaring people; but their style is entirely different. The humor of Mr. Jacobs is more subtle, and stops just short of the point; while Mr. Robertson's is of a rougher nature and goes just a little beyond the point. This and his exaggerated types are his chief faults. Apparently he is familiar with the sailor and nautical affairs in general; his style is smooth and readable and his plots are good—that of "Sinful Peck" is really clever; but the incidents are overdrawn and brutal fights are so frequent that one is reminded of the jokes of a "knock-about" sketch team on the vaudeville stage. There are, however, many who like that sort of thing, and it would not be surprising if "Sinful Peck" scores a success, for it is undeniably funny, and certainly there is abundant action.

F. L. W.

MR. CLAGHORN'S DAUGHTER. By Hilary Trent. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York. \$1.50.

IT is fully fifteen years since "Robert Elsmere" was the most discussed book of the day. Probably the time for the strenuously purposeful theological novel has passed, else "Mr. Claghorn's Daughter" might sell by the hundred thousands. If such novels are to be read, one might do much worse than take this one. The problem with which it is concerned ought indeed to be long outdated, but it is unfortunately still vital to many people in this enlightened country. The recent history of the Presbyterian Church proves that the Westminster Confession of Faith is a potent document, and it is against that famous creed that Mr. Trent launches his philippic.

If the book were nothing more than a controversial promulgation, it might be complacently filed away on the theological shelf and forgotten. But it is primarily a novel. With all its avowed purposiveness, its author has humor, a sense of proportion that enables him to keep his theology subordinate to his characterization. The story is solidly constructed, and is told with unflagging vivacity. Its atmosphere is cosmopolitan, and there is plenty of shrewd observation of human nature in it. Its unknown author ("Hilary Trent" is obviously a fictitious name) has a distinct individuality and a no less distinct talent for fiction; and the book warrants the hope that he may yet sign his own name to the novel he is capable of writing.

E. C.

ROUND ANVIL ROCK. By Nancy Huston Banks. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

BEFORE Mrs. Banks wrote "Oldfield," there was no book by an American writer which could compare with "Cranford," that classic of the countryside which not to have read means unacquaintance with much that makes the so-called strenuous life a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. In "Oldfield" Mrs. Banks has set a standard to which her latest book does not rise. Possibly she did not intend that the latest should be measured by the first. But it will be by all readers, because the "Oldfield" touch is on the latest book too distinctly to be disregarded, notwithstanding the mystery and murder, and war and bloodshed, and earthquake and flood which lend their color to what otherwise would be a romance of old lace and lavender. The time is the beginning of the nineteenth century, the place, western Kentucky; the characters, Philip Alston, a courtly gentleman of wealth and mystery (taken from life); Ruth and David, adopted daughter and son of Alston, whose story no one but Alston knew; William Pressly, a young lawyer; Paul Colbert, a young doctor—suitors of Ruth's; Father Orin, a Catholic priest, and Toby his horse; Miss Penelope Knox,

almost an Oldfield spinster and a few others to fill out the interstices.

The story is semi-historical, Anvil Rock being a huge boulder about which the Mississippi and Ohio river pirates once held their rendezvous, and which was also a landmark used by the Indians. Mitchel, the astronomer, and Lincoln, both native Kentuckians, appear for an instant, but they are only children in arms; Andrew Jackson has a short act with Peter Cartwright the pioneer evangelist; Audubon, the naturalist, is a resident of the neighborhood who is referred to occasionally, and Philip Alston is not mythical.

It is a simple enough love story of a girl who was to marry the man chosen for her, and who was accepting this disposal of herself willingly because there had never come to her young heart the knock that none can answer for her. Gentle and sweet and beautiful as the young girl was, she knew when Colbert came that Pressly had been mischosen, and the woman's heart opened to the right one. Mrs. Banks has forbore giving her readers two or three chapters analyzing the contending emotions of all concerned, and she should be thanked for this. Emotional analysis is seldom indulged in in real life on such occasions, and writers only do it because they have time to think it all over as the real actors do not.

The strongest character in the book is Father Orin and his horse Toby, a combination that ever went about doing good—Mrs. Banks says, riding two hundred miles a week over those early mud roads, every week in the year—to men, women and children, regardless of religious belief, the kind of a Christian a Christian ought to be, putting Christ before sect. Father Orin and the first Sisters of Charity in the wilderness find hearty assistance from Protestants, however, and there existed in that wild spot such an example of brotherly love among denominations as to make one believe the novelist was giving her imagination unusual exercise. It is a very comforting feature of the book, however, and is beyond adverse criticism.

An effort is apparent in giving details

not necessary to the story, and which really interfere with the flow of incident and thought. This is a common fault of current novels, but whether due to writers or editors, one cannot definitely say. "Local color" is requisite to one's proper appreciation of a story, but it cannot be given in actual words; it must come largely from the characters themselves, the central figures which reflect upon their environments. The study Mrs. Banks has given to her minor subjects shows, and in that far detracts from the ease and charm of the natural story-teller. In fiction the writer had better make a dozen misstatements of fact, gracefully, than to mar the consonance of the tale by one effort to hold fast to the exact truth. However, Mrs. Banks's facts are interesting, and her story rises at times to the point of thrill, while scattered all through it are delightful bits of reading that make one pause to read again.

A better title would have been "Philip Alston." The pictures by Gordon Grant, as in the case of nine-tenths of illustrated fiction, no matter who the artists, have not improved the story. Indeed, the last picture we have of Ruth—according to the text, a pretty maiden, sweet and shy—presents her as a lady of forty with Louis Quatorze hair, side-whiskers of the middle clerical period, and a Directoire gown with an Elizabethan stomacher that is almost startling in its revelations.

W. J. L.

FELIX. By Robert Hichens. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. \$1.50.

MR. Hichens is a born narrator; he keeps the ball rolling from beginning to end; he knows how to awake the interest and how to hold it; he is an exceedingly promising young novelist. But, none the less, he has given us in "Felix" a story so sensational and morbid as materially to damp our fervor of commendation. It is nearly always disappointing to take up a novel that deals with life from the viewpoint of physical disease—particularly so when

the disease is morally debasing; for then we feel that the characters are reft of volition and become flaccid and undramatic. In the present instance the disease is morphomania, the heroine of the story—a London society woman—is one of its victims; and we will do Mr. Hichens the justice to say that he knows his symptomatology with a thoroughness to be envied by the experienced director of a drug asylum. Not one of the horrifying little signs of the habit escapes his eager inquisitive eye; every vague tremor, every uncontrollable petty perversion, every clouding of the skin and pinching of the pupils, contribute grandly to his pathological paragraphs; he is at once in his element and his study; his enthusiasm makes the thing actual; and were it not for a certain indelible slowness of his hero and the excruciating minuteness with which he undertakes every description and every unessential motive (he analyzes and describes everything) this novel might be classed with the exciting but maladiferous popular novels of Charles Reade—not with "The Cloister and the Hearth," but with "Foul Play" and "Hard Cash."

Felix, the hero, is a nonentity; indeed, he becomes merely a chain to draw the other characters together. He habitually says, "Thanks awfully," and "O, I say, you are not offended, are you?" and ejaculates a profusion of similar inanities till we long to cuff him for the milk-sop that he is. He seems callow rather than young; he has not even the virtue of good vice; he is an utterly unforgivable English bore. It is clearly the author's purpose to show us the development of this young man's mind. Felix—while yet in his teens—is made to ponder over the *Comédie Humaine*; he goes up to London to live and learn, he prefers the metropolis to the countryside, he is almost worldly and undutiful to his fond mother. But as a psychological study of manhood, talented or otherwise, in its first and saucy freedom, Felix falls irrevocably flat; all the other characters are more interesting than he. The value of the book dwells, in fine, in that very morbidity and meanness of subject, which we at first shunned, but which is never-

theless depicted with poignancy and power.

In suggestive conversations the writer is especially at home; his characters have a very convincing manner of talking "around" a matter, endeavoring to convey or conceal their meaning by a seemingly irrelevant word or look or gesture that is wholly ironical and lifelike.

J. S. D.

FRANCIS BACON, OUR SHAKESPEARE. *By Edwin Reed, A.M. Frontispiece Plate. Charles E. Goodspeed, Boston. \$2.00, net.*

BACON AND SHAKESPEARE PARALLELISMS. *By Edwin Reed, A.M. Charles E. Goodspeed, Boston. \$2.50, net.*

ARDENT Shakespearean students who may have nursed the belief that the ghost of the Baconian theory had once and for all been laid, will be greatly shocked by the advent of these volumes from the pen of the Andover scholar, while, on the contrary, supporters of the contention that Francis Bacon was the author of the works commonly accredited to William Shakespeare, will take new heart. Nevertheless, those who cling to the general belief need not be downcast, for a dispassionate examination of Mr. Reed's testimony against Shakespeare should result, at most, in the old Scotch verdict, "Not Proven."

There can be no doubt, however, that Mr. Reed will succeed in making some converts to the new creed, for he has gone a long way out of the path generally trodden by Baconians, and has been at considerable pains to make a logical presentation of his case. This will certainly appeal to any who may be wavering on the border line between the two camps. The multitude, however, will discover a weakness in the author's contradictions of Shakespearean authorities, more particularly in the direction of establishing the fact that the real playwright's activities began at a time when the Stratford bard was a mere boy, a fact the demonstration of which would seem necessary to make the joists and beams of the author's critical structure dovetail together.

Indeed, it is altogether likely that Mr. Reed's bold treatment of the chronology of the Shakespearean plays will be more bitterly assailed than will any other portion of his argument save, possibly, the "Parallelisms," which are in many cases strained beyond even the limits of the wildest imaginings. It is vain to suppose that the adherents to the old cause will stand idly by and allow the enemy to trample their standards under foot, and it is certain that nothing will more quickly arouse them to action than Mr. Reed's assertions regarding the dates of the plays. This much accepted, the rest might easily be admitted, and the death blow would be struck.

Mr. Reed's volumes, therefore, are sure to receive a great deal of consideration from both the foes and friends of Shakespeare. They will, of course, appeal more strongly to the one than to the other. To both they should prove interesting reading, showing, as they do, years of patient research, and marking a new method of continuing the attack begun so many years ago by Delia Bacon and Ignatius Donnelly.

H. A. B.

A DETACHED PIRATE. *By Helen Milecete. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.*

ONE wonders why the author of "A Detached Pirate" thought it necessary to name her heroine "Gay." The natural exuberance of her temperament is sufficiently apparent without any additional suggestion. The lady certainly sustains a number of shocks with rather appalling equanimity. Divorced from her husband on account of an imaginary co-respondent, she leaves England for Halifax, where she leads a care-free existence as Miss Vandeleur. After she has posed successfully for some time in this rôle under the watchful eye of her former husband, her story comes out and she is ousted from society. Doing an act in a circus and teaching riding become successively her occupations until the patient ex-husband appears in the nick of time to relieve her from the banality of such a life. The absolute

improbability of her *risqué* adventures is refreshing. Yet the story is of a type which pleases the people who know nothing of the kind of life which it professes to describe. Those who have never spoken to a member of what they call "the smart set" in their lives find it delightful to meet them in print and will swallow any amount of absurdity for the sake of the privilege. Also the story is full of love—not always of a very desirable sort—and there are many highly edifying descriptions of gowns. The book is as good, or as bad, as the cheaper variety of society play or the society column in a newspaper.

E. K.

THE MASTER OF MILLIONS. By George C. Lorimer. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. \$1.50.

WHETHER as actor, preacher, theologian or novelist Dr. Lorimer is always amusing and thought-stimulating. No one can read this ripest product of his fertile and versatile brain without being moved to reflect—on the folly of the shoemaker who abandons his last! Why is not the reverend gentleman content with his picturesque success as a pulpit orator? The mark of the preacher is on every page of this novel. Dr. Lorimer loves the pomp and authority of the platform, the rhetorical fustian and bombast, the actor's strut, the sounding pretence of it all. Life is for him an illustration of some cheap moral calculated to draw applause from the gallery.

Seldom has such an array of tinselled puppets been marshaled across the pages of a book as disport themselves in "The Master of Millions." There is a plot, but it is so complicated that a single reading only dimly assures its presence. Much study would be required to elucidate it completely. The story is sternly, uncompromisingly moral. The most important lesson, however, has a practical shrewdness that betrays the author's canny Scotch pedigree; treat all men courteously, he says, because the beggar whom you are tempted to spurn may be a millionaire in disguise. Such is the

teaching of the church this distinguished author represents, as adapted to practical twentieth-century needs.

The book is finely written; in fact, there is nothing but "fine writing" in it. This is, after all, its notable distinction, beyond complexity of plot, profusion of characters and virtuous precepts. The characters, from the lowliest to the highest, use the diction of polished Baptist preachers. As a source of quotations for teachers of rhetoric the book promises to be a prodigious success.

E. C.

MAN OVERBOARD! By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Co., New York. 50 cents.

SAVE when done by a master of subtlety, ghost stories make but faint impression on the mature mind. Hence, in reading Mr. Crawford's novellette one's sympathy is keen with the little girl of Hans Andersen's tale who so longed to have her blood run cold—it is a task beyond the author of "Man Overboard!" to cause this pleasant sensation on the part of his reader. Otherwise the story is deserving of sincere praise—it simply misses the supreme excellence of this class of tales. The theme is old—that of the disconcerting similarity often observed in twins—but there is nothing conventional in the treatment of the subject. Throughout is felt the touch of the experienced story-teller who realizes the significance and also the limitations of language, and the resultant value of restraint. The story is of the sea, but despite the author's constant and deft use of technical nautical terms, it can hardly be claimed that he has succeeded in enduing it with the elusive flavor of the "watery plain." But if not pelagic in the true sense, there is nevertheless a distinct quality to the story which raises it distinctly above the ordinary. Especially clever is the ascription to the drowned brother's ghost of the unpleasant habit of appropriating food and other articles of value to his own use. Indeed, could we but shudder, credulity might keep pace with interest.

W. W. W.

SILVERWORK AND JEWELRY. *By H. Wilson. Illustrated. The Artistic Crafts Series. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.40.*

AS stated in the preface, "this book does not deal with the history of the jeweller's art." It is intended as a practical guide to some of the more simple processes of the craft. The simple and direct description of processes, accompanied by effective drawings, makes the book invaluable both to the beginner and to the advanced craftsman. The book is written by a man who thoroughly understands the various arts dealt with, and the processes are put before one lucidly and concisely. It is difficult to explain mechanical processes on paper, but in this case it has been done successfully.

Workers in the revived Arts and Crafts movement will find this book most useful.

C. H. B.

PEGGY O'NEAL. *By Alfred Henry Lewis. Illustrated. Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia. \$1.50.*

"PEGGY O'Neal" is simply a novelette drawn out to the proportions of a novel. The material in the story calls, legitimately, for an exposition only one-third that given it. Mr. Lewis has in the past done excellent work in his Wolfville stories; but his latest effort proves again, if proof were needed, that the ability to write short stories and sketches by no means implies the ability for sustained work. "Peggy O'Neal" shows nearly all the faults of which an experienced writer may be conceived capable; it is prolix, lacking in constructive faculty and invention, and it is awfully innocent of subtlety. Yet since all the world loves a lover, it is likely to be voted interesting. For, after all, the military narrator of the tale is a good lover, and, for the matter of that, so is Peg herself. And love covers a multitude of sins—in the minds of the majority of readers. But those who go further and ask for a vivid picture of the times treated of and of Andrew Jackson, about whom the action centres, will be disappointed. Surely, "Old Hickory" was a

more interesting and more striking personality than Mr. Lewis presents him. Likewise, in life, it is barely likely that the charm and bewitching changeableness of the wife of the President's Secretary of War needed the endorsement of constant reiteration. Indeed, at times one grows restive under the author's insistence and begins to doubt his testimony. Yet it must be admitted that the maid of tavern origin, on the whole, rises superior even to this handicap and makes good her claim to personality, as in the story she rose superior to the cabal formed for her social destruction. Mr. Lewis has stumbled across an interesting and dramatic episode in our national life, and it is hard to forgive him for treating it in cursory, superficial fashion, rather than in large, generous manner.

W. W. W.

THE LOG OF A COWBOY. *A Narrative of the Old Trail Days. By Andy Adams. Illustrated by E. Boyd Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.*

IF one reads only the title-page to this book he may think Andy Adams a somewhat too familiar reference to the author; but after he reads the "log" he will not only think it good form, but will want to shake hands with Mr. Adams, and perhaps ask him to have a drink (it is clear from the story that cowboys do indulge occasionally), for he will feel very well acquainted with this jolly cowboy, who carries his readers right along with him over the old trail, from the mouth of the Rio Grande to the northwest corner of Montana. All the scenes and incidents are described vividly and have the true ring. The story shows intimate knowledge of all it reveals, and is more interesting and more exciting than most of the nautical logs which are supposed to be the limit of adventure. Even the tenderfoot of the East cannot fail to recognize the accurate description of the life of the old-time cowboy, while the Western man, who knows the type, will understand that the author is the real thing and a thoroughbred. Mr. Adams's cowboy speaks much better English than the

average magazine type; but the earmarks are plain, in his use of slang and profanity, which, however, are employed in moderation. There are some thrilling pictures of cowboy fights in cities along the trail; and the story of a scientist's lecture and adventures at Dodge when the well-known Bat Masterson was city marshal is a delicious bit of humor told in true cowboy style. The "log" will be enjoyed because it is a genuine novelty in the literary world if for no other reason, but there are many other features to recommend it.

F. L. W.

THE KEMPTON-WACE LETTERS. *Anonymous.* The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

A PREFATORY quotation from Dante's second sonnet exhibits the motif of the book, "And of naught else than Love would we discourse." The Kempton-Wace letters are neither more nor less than the dear old argument between reality and ideality, between the man practical and the man romantic. Sancho Panza and the illustrious Don Quixote diluted up to date. Kempton, an elderly poet (how ill the phrase) living in London, endeavors, quite unavailingly, to hammer into the mind of his young friend Wace, who is a professor in California, that love is something more than the instinct for propagation of species; and that woman—for Wace is on the brink of marriage—is not to be regarded merely as a superb machine for the perpetuation of the human race. Kempton is tender of heart, he has faith and friendship and charity; but he has little magnetism of character, and we become wearied of his repeated sentimentalist effusions, which have about them indeed even less originality and heat than the pedagogical epistles of Wace, who of course gives us the "other side" of the question with equal impetus. Wace talks almost entirely of sex; and for those who like this sort of thing, where a chap works himself up to a fever over endogamy and cellular affinities this is just the kind of thing they will want. There is nothing nasty or coarse or even

unrefined in the book; the author is apparently too absorbed in his "isms" to experience or convey anything like sensations and shocks. But he is also too much taken up with his problem to give our hearts the vibration of human sympathy, such as was rendered, if we may compare, with delicacy and force in "Our Lady of the Beeches," a novel closely related in matter and style with the present one.

The style is good, and we think it a pity that a writer with so praiseworthy a command of words should have given free rein to a tendency to discussion so inimical to the production of true literature. In "Our Lady of the Beeches," to use again the aptest parallel, the philosophical argument is always subordinate to the plot, while in the "Kempton-Wace Letters" it is ratiocination or nothing.

J. S. D.

THE SAMARITANS. *By J. A. Stuart.* Fleming H. Revell & Co., New York. \$1.50.

OUT of the depths of misery born of destitution and of crime, as its natural sequence, come the revelations that the author of more than one book that reveals his sympathy with the down-trodden, presents in his latest story. "The Samaritans" are those whole lives, by virtue of circumstance and rank are set apart from the sub-stratum of society wherein lie vital problems, and who discover that their mission is to solve them. This particular story engages in this enterprise the clergy first, most actively and self-sacrificingly energetic towards the amelioration of conditions that, while generic, yet can only be helped in unfortunately isolated cases. Martyrs, indeed, are these heroic men, whose successes are hampered by the modesty of their originators, and whose failures are heralded to the world. Next come those who have money to spend; those who by indolence or ignorance have failed to find the effective outlet for the charity they would willingly bestow. Lastly, the great middle class, the safe, respectable, small householders, who from their little

store will give eager aid and sustenance where real need can be discovered, for real need has its own pride, and its own inaccessible reserves. From these benefactors to their beneficiaries is so far a fall that one wonders how the distance can be bridged. Disappointment in cherished plans, first of all, is the cause of failure. London, or any great city, draws to it, with its glamour of golden streets, the country workers who are both unsuccessful and successfully ambitious. Nurturing its own canker of self-bred criminality, the infection spreads, and few indeed, are those who escape. Everything is against them: inexperience, the rapacity of landlords (of which a striking example is here portrayed), and the eternal insufficiency of demand to meet the always over-abundant supply. So moral principles go flying to the winds: pure desperation drives; and all is forgotten save the horrible, crying, immediate need of a crust of bread, more often for wife and child than for him who has become a criminal to procure it. Sermons might be (and have been) preached upon this subject. Outsiders may speculate and theorize. Sociologists may adduce statistics, and prove by figures the comparative amelioration of conditions, that is, that whereas in 1893 twelve persons died of starvation in a certain district, in 1895 there were only nine! Wonderful progress, truly! Wise in his generation is that author who in the guise of fiction presents isolated cases and definite results. People of all classes of society actually appear upon the pages of this very vivid and moving story. A real live lord, a clever and indescribably charming American woman, and several of her male compatriots; a pair of heroic parsons of differing creeds, but universal humanity; a Jewish landlord, acting anonymously as a "rack renter" through an unscrupulous agent; and a heterogeneous crowd of the very poor, including drunkards, criminals of high and low degree. The story is of little account; the studies of condition and character are of greater moment, and it would be difficult to find anything of the sort more sympathetic and exact. The humor of the Cockney, grim at times, but

ever indomitable; the horrors of the hardships of the unfortunate deserving; the depravity of the irreclaimable; the exaggerated importance that their few chances of happiness assumes in their eyes; and the brutish level to which they all almost inevitably sink; all these phases of a typical state of existence are portrayed with a fidelity that is painfully yet interestingly exact. Mr. Steuart has done a public service in this portrayal of the best and worst in the highest and lowest stages of humanity. And it is to his credit that he has especially sought and found the highest qualities in each.

S. D. S., Jr.

CROSS COUNTRY WITH HORSE AND HOUND. By Frank Sherman Peer. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3.00, net.

THIS book is an important treatise, and a valuable relation of personal experience, to which the cross-country rider, the true sportsman and the breeder of horses and hounds may turn as a trustworthy guide in all matters relating to these subjects as the author is a cross-country rider of unusual experience in England, France, and Canada; it is pleasantly lightened by such bright anecdote and good illustrative work that it forms entertaining reading for all equestrians.

Mr. Peer writes in the light conversational vein adapted to his aims, which he states are merely to "give the novice an insight into the game from the point of view both of hunting and riding," and not after the manner of heavy text-book methods in technical treatises on equestrianism. In these days when the horse is rapidly becoming an article of luxury rather than necessity, such information and advice as is given here is specifically valuable to those who cultivate equitation as an amusement.

Although the author admits that the rider who possesses a mixture of patience, perseverance, courage and prompt decision—joined to that natural consideration for his horse which is prompted only by real love for the animal—will always be

that superior rider who is known as the one "to the manner born," he maintains, nevertheless, that by following the simple, mechanical principles which form the basis of the art of good equestrianism the most indifferent of riders who comes to understand the mutual and friendly relation which should exist between man and horse, may become a genuine sportsman. There are as many opposite theories concerning the art and the principles which govern it as are promulgated in relation to any other science, and, as says Francis Dwyer, Major of Hussars in the Imperial Austrian service: "There is no lack of books in which very full and particular description of model seats on horseback may be found, nor of riding masters who both know how to sit a horse themselves and impart to their pupils their own particular methods." But this alone will not answer the purpose; it still remains for each rider to discover for himself what suits his own peculiar case and will enable him to make the best and the most of every horse he may have to ride.

Twenty years' experience in any specialized line should give weight to a man's assertion, unless, as is the case with many specialists, the vision becomes narrowed from lack of broad comparative adjustment to regulate the balance. But Mr. Peer always views his field with wide open eyes and alert senses, tempered by careful analytic weighing and fine discernment. He has not only studied his subjects from a point of technique but has brought to bear on them that wider range of view which includes the effect of mental influences, and reaches general conclusions from which the layman may safely deduce a line of action for himself. His well supported arguments in favor of riding by "balance" instead of "grip" will be rejected as rank heresy by the English master and his staunch American adherents who are fettered to English precedent; but no unprejudiced reader can deny the straight common sense of the proofs he advances; and common sense is just the quality Mr. Peer has brought to bear all along the line of his projected tenets of belief.

His cross-country experiences are re-

lated with verve, and many an amusing passage enlivens the telling.

On the breeding of hound and horse no more reliable or intelligent dicta have been given either by American or foreign authorities, though the author lays down no postulate as a final word or code, but modestly admits he may a few years hence "repudiate some theories that he now asserts with much assurance"; which brings us back to our first statement that a man of such good sense and unprejudiced views is worth listening to.

A. L.

MUSICAL EDUCATION. *By Alfred Lavignac. Translated from the French by Esther Singleton. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.00, net.*

AS a handbook of practical advice concerning musical education, Professor Lavignac's work is a very full summing up of all that has been written or said on the subject; this is its merit and its weakness. After some general remarks, the author considers successively the study of various instruments, of singing and of composition, the means of rectifying a deficient education, and various methods of instruction. If the book could fall into the hands of ignorant parents and unreflecting teachers it should accomplish good by directing and systematizing their efforts toward a rational educational scheme. But these are the very persons who will not read "instructive" books. To the thoughtful and trained musician Professor Lavignac offers nothing new. The translation suggests a painful effort to cling literally to the French idiom, which in its effect is equally painful to the reader.

E. C.

NEW AMSTERDAM AND ITS PEOPLE. *By J. H. Inness. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50.*

THIS series of studies, social and topographical, of the town under Dutch and early English rule, is more important as a reference book than a piece of interesting historical literature.

There are several chapters, as, for instance, the one telling the story of Captain Kidd, which are so interesting in subject and treatment that the general reader must enjoy them, but the rest is a conscientiously written history of early New York for those who are students of this period.

The writer in his preface inveighs against the bad taste of Irving's "Knickerbocker History" and against the many inaccuracies of Mr. D. T. Valentine and others; and in this volume he has avoided so far as possible the dangerous field of family genealogy, basing his book upon topographical researches and authentic records and documents. He discovers in New Amsterdam almost as many types of people as are in New York to-day; he does not find the dunderheaded Dutchman of fictitious history and historical fiction who is the embodiment of the popular idea of the phlegmatic temperament of the men of his nation.

With painstaking minuteness he traces the early development of the city, giving innumerable details of the lives and personalities of its founders, and, with its maps and reproductions of old prints, it is certainly an addition to the literature on this subject. It has none of the chatiness and informality of Mr. Charles Hemstreet's pleasant sketches of "When Old New York was Young," but, on the other hand, it is a fairly complete if somewhat dull history.

W. F. D.

MY RELATIONS WITH CARLYLE. By James Anthony Froude. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 50 cents.

THIS book follows hard upon the issuance of the "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," to which it is intended to be a sort of antidote. The pamphlet was written by Froude in Cuba in 1887, not long before his death, and was not intended to be published, but is now given out because his family believed his memory had been cruelly assailed and maligned by the Carlyle publication. It is difficult to understand why such an "Apologia" was ever written, and, still more, why it was given

out. It does give us some new facts of Carlyle's life, but it also gives us many things which cannot be accepted as facts, but rather as gossip. It is inconceivable that any one who has studied the Carlyle controversy carefully will derive any light or change of opinion from this pamphlet. There are several contradictions in the work, not so much contradictions of fact as of phrase, showing the writer's declining powers of exact expression. One can hardly say with W. S. Lilly that Froude is a hopeless liar, but we must feel that he has made a terrible, criminal botch of the Carlyle business, and that this latest publication has not helped the character of the whole.

F. B. T.

PERKINS, THE FAKEER. By Edward S. Van Zile. Illustrated by Henry Mayer. The Smart Set Publishing Co., New York. \$1.50.

MR. Van Zile gives us theosophy, the occult and reincarnation in such a captivating guise that these three short stories from his graceful pen, grouped under the above title, lead the reader to wonder if the impossible is not possible; or if the stories are not more than half true. He is as convincing in the use of his language as is About, Verne or Haggard, but unlike the two last writers there is no wild adventure in "Perkins, the Fakeer," although there is action enough and adventure, of a kind.

But Mr. Van Zile in this series of stories does not wish to be taken seriously; he says so at the beginning, calling his book, as a sub-title, "A Travesty of Reincarnation." Since the author of "With Sword and Crucifix" dropped his heavier style nothing more charming has come from his pen than these three stories. And his audience has increased, too, with the coming of his lighter style, and while he cannot be classed among the so-called "popular" writers, his books are very widely read by lovers of carefully written fiction.

Decidedly these stories are too good to come under the head of "popular." The average reader of this class would not

understand them; there is too much of the occult about them. But to the thinking reader, the one who has perhaps only skimmed the theory or system of theosophy, the book will be found of absorbing interest. While the first story is without question the most amusing, as it is the longest of the three, the second, "How Chopin Came to Ransom," is in many respects the best told and comes the nearest the possible. Ransom, who is not a musician, becomes possessed of the spirit of Frederic François Chopin, and thereby hangs a series of experiences and complications that make the story startling and amusing. The last story, "Clarissa's Troublesome Baby," is uncanny, and in the hands of the average writer would be vulgar—or worse. But Mr. Van Zile gives it touches, and brings about situations for his characters that make the short sketch intensely amusing.

A. H.

WHOM THE GODS DESTROYED. By Josephine Dodge Daskam. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

EITHER Miss Daskam has lost her sense of the fitness of things, or these stories were written before she had acquired it—the latter seems more probable: for most of the stories read like college exercises, better done than most college work, but savoring strongly of "the sophomore." Six out of the eight stories in this volume contain some violent, unnatural, thought-up situation, such as appeals to the undergraduate mind. In the first story, which gives the book its title, it is the old, old story of the unappreciated, but the greatest musician of the world—lost, in this case, through drink. In another, it is the uneducated, but still the greatest, poet—lost, this time, through a cheap love affair; in which an unsophisticated young man was caught in a compromising situation by his lady love; which situation was, of course, brought about by the very goodness of the young man in trying to save the girl's brother. And so with the rest of the stories—all, save "The Windflower" and "The Twilight Guests," contain some strained situation that would

seem to appeal only to the young and crude writer.

Now it would be unkind to say such things about a young writer, and Miss Daskam is still very young, if she had not already proved herself capable, mature and extraordinarily clever in her other books. It is the fact that one who can do such admirable and praiseworthy work, who has proved herself almost a masterhand in so many ways, who has apparently, had, hitherto, so keen a knowledge of what she is doing, that such an one should allow herself to issue so immature a book at this time in her career, is what warrants the saying of things which would be out of place, ordinarily, in speaking of so young a writer.

We do not mean to say that all is bad in this book; it is not; much of it is good, and the book as a whole is readable. It is only comparatively bad with the high standard which Miss Daskam has set for herself; and one cannot understand why her sense of humor did not come to the rescue in time to save her.

It is a pleasure to commend one story heartily—"The Windflower," which is a delicate, fascinating and picturesque idyl. And "The Twilight Guests" is a pleasing, sympathetic treatment of an old theme.

J. W. H.

PICKETT'S GAP. By Homer Greene. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.25, net.

IT is with no hesitancy that one places the stamp of approval on this really excellent book. It is without doubt one of the best juvenile books written in a long time. The character work is masterly, particularly in the deftness and surety of touch that has accomplished a wonderfully artistic *ensemble*. The plot is simple and interesting with its every possibility brought out by Mr. Greene to the best advantage.

One does not need to be a boy or girl to read "Pickett's Gap" with interest; indeed, it would seem as if young readers could not fully appreciate all that is excellent in this admirable book. There is no doubt, however, that it will appeal to all, be they young or old, who like a simple, strong, sweet story.

T. P. H.

